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IN PAWN TO A THRONE

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THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO
ELEUTHERIOS VENIZELOS

AND TO THAT GROUP OF MEN WHO, WITH
HIM, RAISED THE STANDARD OF REVOLT
TO SAVE THE HONOUR OF THEIR COUNTRY

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IN PAWN TO A THRONE

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In Pawn to a Throne

CHAPTER I

THE cannon boomed over the city of Stamboul, thunderously announcing the setting of the sun. It was an old Turkish custom, this salutation of the departing star of day, and it gave the signal to most officials to gather up their papers preparatory to deserting their four walls and emerging into the big spaces outside. All Constantinople, shortly after the firing of the cannon from Top Hané, empties into the streets, either to sit in little cafés by the shore, take their coffee and “drink” their *narghilés*, or to row on the waters of the Golden Horn, the Bosphorus, or the Sea of Marmora during the twilight hours of enchantment.

An old gentleman reclining in his big armchair gave a sigh of satisfaction at the sound of the cannon. Yet he was no Turkish official: he owed no allegiance to the Sultan—indeed he owed alle-

giance to no monarch, to no ruler, to no man. Neither did he gather up any papers, nor prepare to leave his four walls; for if he owed allegiance to no man born of woman, neither was he a free man. He was chained to the spacious, luxurious room as a slave is chained to his prison.

With a dignity which was full of pathos, laboriously and with the help of two crutches, he lifted himself from his armchair. A large, lean dog, that had been lying stretched out at full length, shook himself with as little noise as possible, and with the same grave dignity as his old master, rose also. His rising was timed so that he stood on his legs at the very second the old gentleman was on his; and the two with hesitating, calculating footsteps slowly crossed the immense room to one of the windows commanding an extensive view over the Sea of Marmora. A pine park stretched beyond the large garden below the window, and on the extreme left rose a high hill, over which floated a huge Turkish flag.

The dog placed his paws on the window-sill, laid his nose between them, and looked out on the same scene as his master beside him. The man's emaciated hand caressed the dog's head.

"It is still there, flying defiance to the heaven

above and to the earth beneath — and subject to it is the monastery of St. George with its Christian cross! Ah! my friend, Axios, the miracle has not yet come to pass, and it looks as if you and I shall be buried — as your ancestors and mine have been buried — before that red rag of a flag will be torn from its staff. It is red, Axios, my friend — red with the colour and the smell of blood; for it was through shedding our blood that the Turks got our lands. It is the only way they know: to conquer by the sword. It is a pity that a crescent should have been placed in the middle of the red background. It ought to have been a sword, Axios; then the flag would have been right.”

Axios, his head cocked on one side, was half listening to the beloved voice; yet half his attention must have been given to something else, for presently he barked a happy, excited bark, and looked up at the man beside him.

“You heard her? Your ears are still young enough to hear her step so far away?”

The dog’s body wriggled with pleasure and his bark became a joyous yelp as out of the pine forest emerged a child, tall, slender and erect, accompanied by a French governess. The child must have heard the yelp; for she looked up at the win-

dow, took hold of her skirts and made a low courtesy before continuing on her way

"The last of the Byzas!" the old man murmured. "The last of a family that stood for race and great deeds — and only a girl!" He looked up at the sky with bitter defiance. "I have never asked You to take the cup away from my lips, I have never said 'Thy will be done'; I matched my will to Thine, and mine seems broken. Thou hast taken away from me every man in my family, and that I may feel the bitterness of my loss to the full, Thou madest all of my sons men of brain and worth — and the sons they begot, a match to their fathers. Thou hast taken them all, one by one, and Thou hast left me with just a little girl."

His long white beard, his long white locks, trembled in the breeze of early spring. Just as he finished speaking, a huge young dog of the English mastiff breed, let loose from the stable, mad with his newly acquired freedom, tore up to the little girl and upset her like a leaf in a gale. The old man could see that she fell on the blade of a hoe, which some gardener had carelessly left lying upturned on the ground. Rigidly he watched the little girl pick herself up, even before the governess could come to her help, the little white frock stained red.

Child and governess became lost to his sight, as they came nearer to the house.

The old man looked up again at the sky "Thou hast struck me again, although I did not curse Thee, — yet I will not say 'Thy will be done.'"

Once more he caressed the head of his old dog, but his hand was trembling "She cut her arm, Axios, and such little things have great consequences. Come, let us ring"

Man and dog left the window, and it must have taken them fully two minutes before they reached the deep armchair. He rang his bell and then sat down.

A young man, alert and watchful, entered at once and gave a military salute to his master. "Your orders, Kapetan Byzas?"

"I want Miss Benson at once, Spiro."

"Miss Benson is hurrying to our little mistress, who has hurt herself."

The satisfaction of the old man was manifest. "That is right, Spiro. That is what I wanted her for. Artemis has cut her arm, and such little things have great consequences."

Spiro made the sign of the cross. "I prayed when she fell, Kapetan Bysas, and I am going down now to sprinkle holy water over the place where she fell, and thrice to make the sign of the cross over it."

"You may, Spiro, but I am glad Miss Benson is with her. Her race is more careful of the health than ours, or the Latin."

In military fashion once more Spiro saluted. "At your orders, Kapetan Byzas," and was gone.

"Kapetan — Kapetan," murmured the old man. Absently he caressed the raised head of the dog. "The word stands for power, and youth, and prowess, Axios; for life, and the time when we whom our men called 'Kapetan' clothed, fed and armed bands of forty, fifty, sometimes even of a hundred, and harried the Turk by sea and by land, for the glory of New Greece."

His eyes shone with intense light. His old body was aglow with the memories of past exploits. In body he might be the old man, chained to his chair; in spirit he was the *kapetan*, his gun upon his shoulder, his men at his heels, first among the great.

"Those were glorious days, Axios, and your ancestors were with me, just as their ancestors had been before with other Byzas who had fought for the freedom of Greece. Sometimes we supped well, and sometimes we supped badly. Sometimes we slept well, and sometimes we slept badly or not at all; but we always fought well, even when we were

defeated. Oh! the days of the spring of life, of power, and of glorious hardships."

The old man fell into a song, the song of the Karabina, the song of the mountains and of fights, the song with which the Greeks for years fought their oppressors:

*"Black is the night in the forest,
And in the hills the snow falls thick.
His weapon on his side,
The Greek draws the sword.*

*"Awake! Awake! sons of Hellas.
The Clarion is calling.
Hasten your steps.
Rush to your guns."*

Axios knew the song well. His body quivered like his master's, and he, too, thought of his youth and of the black nights in the mountains of Epirus and Macedonia. Even after the last word of the song was gone from his lips, man and dog remained looking into each other's eyes, dreaming of the days when men fought and died for a great ideal.

It was thus the child found them, her left wrist neatly bandaged. She dropped a low courtesy, then came and kissed the old man's hand.

"I am sorry, monseigneur grandfather, that you should have been made to wait. Miss Benson took such serious care of my hurt."

"Could you not have avoided falling, Artemis?"

A faint blush came over the child's delicate face.

"I should like to have done so, sir "

"Did it hurt?"

"Very much."

"Did you cry?"

She raised her head and looked him straight in the eyes.

"No!"

"Did you want to?"

She hung her head low.

"Yes."

"Will there never come a time, Artemis, when you will not wish to cry when you are hurt?"

The child sighed. "It seems so natural. I have prayed to the Virgin Mary, and to her son, who is our Lord, and to the patron saint of our family that I may learn to be hurt without wanting to cry. Why can't they help me, monseigneur grandfather?"

She had been standing erect while talking to him. Now he motioned her to be seated on a small arm-chair near his own. It was unmistakably placed there for her use, and as unmistakably she never took it until given leave to.

"Artemis, you are almost ten years of age," the old man began solemnly. "It seems to me that you are enough grown up to understand that to pray for help is useless. You may pray to the powers above for guidance, if you like, but for help you must learn to rely on yourself."

Demurely the child crossed her little arms on her breast, while her eyes sought those of the dog, seated between the two armchairs, who blinked at her. She smiled at him.

"Monseigneur grandpère, Axios, too, cries when he's hurt. Am I more like him than like you?"

"All lower animals scream and cry when they are hurt, or when they are in danger. You are an aristocrat, Artemis, the descendant of a long line of patricians — must you remain on the same plane as your dog? The great sire of all your sires was Constantine Byzas, who, with a notable group of Greeks, emigrated from Megara, came here and formed the first Greek colony, which was named after him, Byzantium."

The child was listening as few children would be likely to listen. She knew that when the old gentleman finished talking, he would ask her to repeat all he had said. Though she might want to cry when she was hurt, she was enough of a Byzas to

dislike the humiliation following on a display of poor memory.

"Later, a Roman emperor, who was half Greek, came here, seized the settlement and established a Roman empire. He changed the name of Byzantium to Constantinople. It remained Roman for three hundred years; but the Greek language, the Greek literature, the Greek traditions of your ancestors were too strong for the Roman conquerors. Without bloodshed, without fighting, Byzantium slowly emerged again out of Constantinople, and your ancestors became the rulers once more. Do you understand the story, Artemis?"

"I believe so, monseigneur grandpère."

"Then repeat it to me."

For a minute the child pondered. "You did not say, monseigneur grandpère, at what time my ancestor came here with his Greeks."

"We do not know exactly. It was centuries before Christ was born."

As if gathering up loose threads, the child repeated the story thoughtfully and a little hesitatingly, while the dog, sitting on his hind legs, listened intently, his head cocked on one side, and his bright intelligent eyes fixed on her. After she had finished he put his paw on the knee of his master and yelped.

The little girl smiled. "I believe Axios knows the history of Greece, by now." Her smile became broader. "You notice that when I do well, he yelps. When I do not, he comforts me with his nose, as if to say, 'You will do better next time.'"

"Axios ought to be clever. All his family for many generations have been the companions of the Byzas; but whereas it was always a female dog, he is a male, and has no descendants."

The master patted the dog, who in all sorts of canine ways was trying to convey to the two that he knew they were talking about him.

"When did the Turkish people take Byzantium from us, and why, *mon grandpère*?"

"When you are older you will know more details. It is enough for you to know, now, that for eleven centuries your people reigned here, till the Asiatic foe came and conquered them, because he was a stronger fighter than they. It took old Byzantium three hundred years to pierce through the Roman conqueror. It may take it twice as long to push aside the Asiatic one, and emerge once more victorious. But it will come. Greek civilisation cannot die, because it is destined to live. Amen!"

Instinctively the child arose, and so did the dog. Except that the old man, the old dog, and the very

young child had dignity and pathos, the little group might have been ridiculous.

Kapetan Byzas extended his hand to his granddaughter. "It is time for your bath and your supper."

The dog accompanied her to the door. There she courtesied to her great-grandfather, gave a hug to the dog and went out. She had hardly shut the door when the man rang his bell, and Spiro once more appeared.

"Now, Spiro, I want Miss Benson, at once."

When the Englishwoman came, he said: "Forgive me for not rising to receive you." He motioned her to a seat. "Was the cut very deep?"

"It was a nasty one," Miss Benson replied. "Had the blade struck her a little lower it would have severed a vein. She is a remarkable child — never to cry, not even to whimper."

"You disinfected it?"

"I did, sir, and the doctor ought to be here in a few minutes."

"You thought it serious enough for that?"

"No; but I knew you would like me to call him. Besides, Artemis did suffer extremely, and I thought he might help her."

"She did not show any suffering to me."

"Not to you, sir. Your scorn cuts her deeper than any knife could."

"Perhaps you think me cruel, madame, but my great-granddaughter cannot be brought up like an ordinary child. She is the last of a great family, and the duties and responsibilities awaiting her are heavy."

The Englishwoman did not reply. The daughter of a colonial general, she had come to the family of Kapetan Byzas at the death of Artemis's parents, when the child was only two years old. It was the old man's idea that an English gentlewoman should direct his great-granddaughter's education. He preferred the English character, English principles, even English stolidity to the qualities of the Greek and Latin races. But that the child might not be one-sided, he gave her also a French and a Greek governess, and although Miss Benson planned out her studies, the child divided her time between the three women of three different nationalities. Miss Benson did her best to comply with her employer's wishes; yet she did shut her eyes to a few things to which he objected, such for example as the child's being cuddled.

"Do you know who it was left the hoe on the grass, Miss Benson?"

"I shall make inquiries."

"Pray do, and if it should be a man with children, some punishment for his negligence must be dealt him. If he is unmarried and has no dependents, he must be dismissed at once. The man who let out the dog must also be reprimanded."

"I will see to all that," said Miss Benson, rising. "Would you like to see Doctor Kastriotis when he comes?"

"If you please."

On leaving her great-grandfather Artemis, supporting her bandaged arm by the other hand, walked down the long corridor, not so jauntily as she would have done had she been under the great-grandfather's eyes. Her arm was aching, and she felt feverish. Passing the library, she paused before the closed door, then deliberately opened it and entered the room. She walked up to a life-sized portrait of her mother. Intently she examined it, as if she were seeing it for the first time, although every feature of the face, every detail of the figure, was imprinted on her memory. Long and earnestly she gazed upon the image of the charming woman who had died when she was a baby. The mother had been adored by her husband: her death had broken his heart, and he had followed her even to the grave;

and now she was adored by this little daughter whom she had left behind.

At last Artemis spoke to the portrait: "Mamma, why did you leave me to go to heaven?" She waited, as if for an answer, then added pathetically: "Would *you* have allowed me to cry when I was hurt? I was frightfully hurt this afternoon, and I did want very much to cry." It seemed to Artemis as if the large, brown eyes of the portrait moved, giving their consent. "I know you would. I feel certain of it, — but there is no use my doing it now." With a movement of her head and eyes she indicated the direction of her great-grandfather. "*He* would ask me if I had cried, and he would shame me, and, mamma, I would much rather have my arm cut than be shamed by great-grandfather. You see I am the last of the Byzas, and they were great people: they all served their race, and I must do what a Byzas *must* do — but it is hard just the same. You don't mind my telling you, do you, mamma?" She came closer to the portrait, and with her uninjured hand patted it. "What do you do up in heaven, mamma? How do you serve your race there?" Tenderly the golden brown head rested against the portrait. Then fearing lest she might cry, the child shook herself. "Good-bye,

mamma. It is time for my bath. They put laurel leaves in it, and it smells delicious."

Kissing the tips of her little hand to the image of her mother, she left the room. She had hardly finished her bath when the doctor arrived and carefully examined her cut.

"It must have hurt you considerably, Artemis."

"It did."

"I will make a wager that you did not cry."

"The Byzas mustn't, you know, doctor."

The doctor was busy with the bandages. When he finished with them he lifted up the child, and kissed her.

"You are a real Byzas, Artemis, although you look like your mother."

"Is the portrait in the library very much like my mother?"

"Yes, except that it is not full of smiles and life as your mother was."

"And am I like my mother?"

"Yes, in appearance, as I said before. Otherwise you are a Byzas."

"It is fortunate; for what would my great-grandfather do if I were not?" she remarked, with the air of a grown-up person discussing the qualities of a child.

The doctor held her closer to him. "You are a Byzas, plus humour, and I love you more than anyone else in life, and I want you to know it."

Artemis, who was not accustomed to demonstrations of affection, was a little shy at this unexpected outburst; yet it thrilled her to think that the silent doctor loved her, and that he had told her so.

"Then I wish you would come and see me sometimes — besides when I am sick or hurt — and take me for a ride on your big horse. I am to have one, presently, when I am ten years old."

"I will come sometimes. And now, good-bye."

In the huge room of the master of the house the doctor meant to be stern. He kissed the old man's hand, and was kissed by him, in the patriarchal Greek fashion. Then he said abruptly:

"Salute to you, Kapetan Byzas, but let me tell you that it would have done more good to Artemis to have cried a bit to-day. You are ruling her too much. You are forcing her little soul to tasks beyond its powers."

"She is being brought up the way all the Byzas have been brought up before her; and since she is so much like her mother, I must guard against the inheritance."

“What was there in the inheritance that you must fight, Kapetan Byzas? Her mother was a lovable, generous, high-spirited, and human woman — and so is her child ”

The doctor looked defiantly at the man who during his whole youth had inspired him with awe. Dr. Solon Kastriotis's family and the Byzas had been close friends for centuries. While the latter had devoted themselves to fighting, the former had always applied themselves to the healing of wounds.

“Yes, Artemis is human,” the doctor continued, “and let us thank God for that. She is capable of bringing as much happiness and joy into life as her mother did — that is, if you don't kill her before she is grown up.”

“Her mother brought only misery into my life,” the old man answered. “Had my grandson loved her less, he would be living to-day. I hate her! In her five years of married life she brought only one child into the world, and that a girl. Had she loved society less, life less, and dancing less, she might have lived longer, and she might have given me some boys to carry on the work of the Byzas. Did she realise her responsibilities? No! Did she think of her duties? No! She was mad with the joy of living. *That* I must kill in her child.” Then

changing mood he added: "I don't have to worry about that. Artemis is a Byzas."

"But she is her mother, too, and if you try to kill the joy of living in her, as she grows older she will rebel, and you will lose her." The doctor rose. "Good-bye, Kapetan Byzas. If I speak as I do, it is because I respect and admire the Byzas, and do not wish to see any sorrow come to you."

"My life has been made of sorrows. I am not afraid of them."

Once more the doctor bent and kissed the proffered hand, and was kissed by the older man.

"I thank you just the same, Solon."

On leaving the old man, the doctor did what Artemis had done an hour before. He opened the library door and entered the great room, its walls lined with books, accumulated by generations of Byzas. A single life-size portrait adorned the room upon which now fell the flickering light of two candles, always lighted before it when dusk fell. To the doctor she seemed as if alive and coming forward to greet the friend of her husband. And as if she could understand him, he spoke:

"You never knew what you were to me while you lived, but I trust you know what you are to me now. I never understood how much a man could love until

I loved you. For your sake, and for the sake of your child — with your face and your charm — I shall see that her life is not sacrificed. I promise to you that I shall look after Artemis, your child.”

While the man was making this vow to the portrait, Artemis in her long nightgown and dressing gown was standing erect, offering up her prayers before the *ikonostase* filled with silver-laden ikons, in front of which generations of Byzas had stood to make their prayers.

“My Virgin Mary, and you St. Nicholas, and St. Demeter — ” the child began, and named each saint in turn. Greek-like she felt that the saints had their frailties and might take umbrage if they were slighted. Hence, no matter how sleepy she might be, she always named them all, in their order of precedence upon the *ikonostase*: “Help me to be a good little girl, and guide my footsteps so that I may be worthy of the name of Byzas and may do my very best by my race, which is the Greek race, and for which your blessing is asked. Amen!”

Thrice she made the sign of the cross with her three little fingers, and then picking up her long nightdress, she pattered off to her room. There her French governess was waiting to tuck her in. She patted her.

"Did you make your prayers nicely?"

"Yes, madame, but I pray for the Greek people, and you pray for the French people, and Miss Benson prays for the English people. Doesn't that confuse the saints? Why don't we pray for the whole world? Didn't God make us all, or did he only make the Greek race?"

The Frenchwoman slipped her arm around the child. "God made us all, *chère adorée* You are right, we ought to pray for everybody; but don't worry your little brain about things of this kind. Think less, and play a little more."

"My great-grandpapa feels that I am not thinking enough "

The Frenchwoman hugged her; then rising to go, she said:

"You will promise not to get out of your bed, Artemis, and sit by the window?"

"Please don't make me promise. I will try not to, but I am making promises from the time I get up from bed until I go back to bed again. And it is so hard to keep promises. To-night my arm aches. I don't want to make any more promises."

The governess left her, with a lump in her throat. "*Pauvre petite!*" she murmured to herself outside.

"She is being robbed of her childhood, and if I know the old gentleman, he will rob her of her girlhood and of her life, if he can."

Artemis put her unhurt arm out from under the bedclothes and stretched it toward the window.

"Come, moon! come and play with me. I want some one to play with."

But it was a long time before the moon came peeping through the window. Artemis was asleep by that time. Like most mentally overworked persons, however, she was a light sleeper, and as soon as the rays of the moon touched her bed, she awoke at once, and sat bolt upright, with no vestige of sleep clinging to her eyelids. Springing from her bed, she went to the window. It was a clear, crisp night, one of those nights when Turkey is at her best, with all that is unlovely hidden, and only the pure enchantment of the East left to charm all the senses.

The warmth of the summer and the coolness of the winter struggled with obstinate tenacity, each to overcome the other, and in the fresh warmth which resulted, the flowers fearlessly raised their heads, put forth their leaves, blossomed, and lived their short lives while yet summer and winter were dis-

puting their rights. This marvellous weather, with the virtues of both seasons and the drawbacks of neither, begins early in March, and continues to July before summer finally triumphs — only to have winter renew the attack in September. Then the contest is on again until Christmas, when winter in his turn enjoys a triumph for a couple of months.

To-night there was a superb stillness in the air, yet pregnant with the sense of life. Artemis, steeped in Greek poetry, looking out upon the vast illuminated stillness, murmured to herself:

*“All the creeping things are sleeping,
Cberished in the black earth’s keeping.”*

Then she shook her head: “I don’t believe anything is sleeping, to-night. They are just pretending to.”

She put her head farther out of the window and peered earnestly into the magic light of the perfumed night. There was a call from the magnificent Outside which thrilled the hungry heart of the motherless child; and to this call the moon added the last touch of her wizardry by silvering with her beams the full-size statue of a youth in the garden

which for years had been the adoration of Artemis. His poise, his face, the magnificent strength and grace of his youth, had captivated her imagination. All the heroes she read about in mythology or history took his form, when they were young and handsome.

To-night the warmth of the spring moon transformed the marble, and to the wondering eyes of the child he became alive. Hastily she put on her slippers, and cautiously came out of her room, down the flight of stairs, and out into the vibrant stillness of the night. She was no longer a child: she was something apart from physical life. She who had known nothing except restrictions in all her short days to-night was free — she had made no promises. Indeed she no longer felt herself Artemis Byzas, with duties and responsibilities: she was a soul of ether, a part of the glorious light filtering through the night. She was one with the flowers, the air, the deep-blue sky. Even her arm no longer ached. She patted the flowers and the bushes and the trees as she walked onward, with dancing steps.

At last she reached the statue, and stopped before it.

“Who are you?” she questioned. Then, dropping a low courtesy, one of her best, she introduced her-

self: "I am Artemis Byzas, and I am Sapho of Lesbos, and I am Pallas Athena. And who are you? Are you Apollo, Hermes, or are you Achilles?"

The youth seemed to smile at her: he was even more human than he had looked from her window.

With unsuspected strength Artemis dragged a near-by bench to the foot of the statue, and climbed up on it. Her head was now on a level with his. She placed her little hand in the outstretched one of the youth, and clasped his fingers. Then standing thus, bathed in the perfume of the night, and in its glorious light, she began to talk to him. Without restraint she confided to him all her thoughts — the things she could not speak about to her great-grandfather, nor to Miss Benson, nor to her nurses. Mad things they were, yet infinitely sane; and he smiled always, and understood, and sympathised though he said never a word. Artemis did not notice this, so perfect was his understanding, so complete his sympathy.

When she had finished talking, she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. "You are strong, and most glorious, and I love you!"

As she spoke the words, her eyes fell on the window of the old man who tyrannised over her life.

It seemed to wake her from her trance. She stamped her foot with annoyance, but the magic of the night made her feel equal even to him. She threw up her head and once more stamped her foot.

“I don’t care if you *do* see me, and if you ask me, monseigneur grandpère, I shall tell you that I love him, and that to-night I am betrothed to him.”

CHAPTER II

FIVE summers and five winters had come and gone, and during those five years the education of Artemis Byzas had become continually sterner and more exacting, as her intelligence matured and became more and more receptive. The old man, feeling his end drawing closer, became ever more impatient with the growing child. He felt as if he and death were racing against time, and Artemis's hours for play became shorter and her hours for work longer.

Finally Dr. Kastriotis and Miss Benson united in an effort to protect the child from this over-forcing. To their protests Kapetan Byzas replied:

"Am I to neglect my work that a child may play? Later, when she has learned her duties, she can play. There is no time left me for play."

"I could go on with your work," Dr. Kastriotis suggested.

"Your traditions are different from those of the Byzas. Artemis must learn from me."

Thus Artemis grew to be fifteen, and to-day, on her birthday, straight and slim, she stood in the presence of the old man, dressed in an ancient costume of Megara, his gift to her. The homespun silks of Hellas had lent their lustre, while the deft fingers of many artists had contributed to the grace and harmony of the beautiful costume. Artemis wore it with distinction and pride; and the head-gear made her look taller and added to her young slimness.

It was the whim of Kapetan Menelaos Byzas to see his great-granddaughter in the robes worn by those women who, before the time of Christ, had left Megara to go with their men, under the leadership of Constantine Byzas, to start for Greece the new colony which was to become the heart of Greek letters and civilisation for eleven centuries. The old man surveyed her critically.

"You are the last of the Byzas, Artemis," he reminded her, "and you ought to have been a boy. There is work for a Byzas man to do; for there are millions of Greeks sighing under a foreign yoke, and waiting to be helped to unite with the mother country."

Artemis had heard only too often these reproaches against her sex, and they never lost their sting. She

felt personally responsible for nature's mistake in producing a girl where a man leader was wanted. The fact that she was growing more and more like her mother in grace and beauty added to the bitterness of the old man's tone. Had she had the strong features of the Byzas — their hooked nose, their bushy eyebrows, and their stout muscular body — he could have forgiven her her sex more easily; but to labour to instil a sense of her duties and heavy responsibilities in a girl who, even to his unpoetic mind, grew more like a delicate flower with every passing year, — this was a cross even for his old Spartan nature to bear. That is why he had wished to see her in the sumptuous costume of Megara. He wanted to imagine her on her way to build a colony for Greece, and he was pleased with the effect.

From his post beside his master, Axios, too, his doggish soul in his eyes, was watching his mistress with a love he was trying to convey by all sorts of doggish expressions.

"To-day you are fifteen years old, Artemis. Had you been an ordinary girl, you could still be called a child. But you are not an ordinary girl. Neither were those ordinary women who, centuries ago, left their comfortable homes to follow their men into

strange lands. As they carried their responsibilities, so must you carry yours; and your responsibilities are heavy, because you bear one of the greatest names in the history of Greece, and you will be the mistress of an immense fortune. When I go — which I hope will not be for a few years yet — you will be the head of a house to which millions are looking for guidance and support. Do you feel ready for the task?"

Artemis joined her hands together as if in prayer. "Monseigneur grandfather, in all my actions, in all my feelings I try to think of my duties toward my race first. This you have taught me. This I trust I shall always remember."

"I do not know in what manner you will be called upon to serve; but I want you to be ready when the hour will come, and never — do you understand, Artemis? — never are you to look at the cost."

The girl bowed her head.

"Do you remember the words of Iphigenia when she was about to be sacrificed for the welfare of Greece?"

"Yes."

"Give them to me."

"My resolution is to die, and I must die with courage, so that I may not dishonour my race.

Turn your eyes, my mother, and look! All Greece has her eyes turned to me. From me depends whether the Greek fleet will sail against Troy, so that the Greeks may come out victorious, and the barbarians may be destroyed. My name, and my dying for the honour of Greece, will become immortal. And why, my mother, should I love life more than my country? You have not given me life for myself alone. Thousands of Greeks have the courage to fight and to die for the honour of Greece. Shall I become the obstacle? I willingly offer my blood to my mother-land. I willingly offer my body for my fatherland, and for every particle of Greek land. Greeks, be happy! And each one of you return victorious to your own country.”

Artemis had repeated without hesitation the words of that other Grecian maid, who had been called upon to be the sacrifice for her country in the olden times. Kapetan Byzas listened with reverence. When she finished, he added:

“Remember, Artemis, Iphigenia gave her life when the Greek race was the leader of the world. Now that your race is down, no sacrifice for its uplift must be too heavy for you.”

She bowed her head in assent, and as she stood thus, slim and childlike in her gorgeous costume of

old Megara, she looked as if she were already standing ready for the sacrifice. Just at this moment Dr. Kastriotis entered the room. He saluted the old Kapetan, then came up and kissed Artemis's hand.

"May you live to be a hundred, — but what do you represent, in all your ancient sumptuousness, Artemis?"

"A woman from Megara. I am one of those who left their hearth and home to establish the Greek colony which is to-day called Constantinople."

"And where are *you* going to establish it now?"

"Nowhere yet. I am only making ready to go where I am sent, as the women who bore my name did centuries ago."

She spoke solemnly, as if in a trance, reminding the doctor of those virgins in the ancient temples who gave forth oracles. He shivered. He hated the stern education of the girl. He hated the perpetual demand on her adolescent strength. Yet he could not help acknowledging that they added to her charm a distinction of mind and soul which made of her a being apart — a woman even more enchanting than her mother had been.

The three were deep in conversation when Spiro announced that his Holy of Holiness, the Œcu-

menic Patriarch of Constantinople, with their Holinesses, the Bishop of Heraclea and the Bishop of Zante, had arrived. Laboriously Kapetan Byzas raised himself upon his crutches. It was characteristic of him not to accept help from anyone in his infirmity. A year or two before Dr. Kastriotis had suggested the ordering from Europe of a self-propelling chair, by the aid of which he could move about more easily. His suggestion had been received with such a storm of reproaches that the doctor had never referred to the subject again. "What!" the old man had cried, "you will condemn me, a Byzas, to depend on the whims of a chair, for my movements? So long as I live my legs must perform their duty as best they are able!"

When he was erect, with Axios at his heels, he turned to Artemis:

"I have asked his Holy of Holiness, with his bishops, to partake of our hospitality, because I wanted the head of our religion to bless you on your fifteenth birthday."

Then on legs that were almost useless he went from his room, followed by the others, to the large reception room, where the Patriarch and his bishops had already divested themselves of their outer garments. The greeting between the Pa-

triarch and Kapetan Byzas was affectionate: the one the ecclesiastical head of their race, the other the political, in this Turkish Empire where millions of Hellenes were waiting for the great day when modern Greece should embrace all her children under her blue and white flag. The two men had known each other from their early youth, and for more than half a century they had put their heads together to outwit the Turk, whenever there had come up any question of preserving for the Greek people under his rule their religious privileges. Neither one asked the other how he felt, since each hated old age and its infirmities which threatened to put an end to important and fruitful activities. The two bishops knew the old Kapetan equally well, and each in turn kissed him on both cheeks.

Artemis then greeted the prelates. Although only fifteen, she had already met so many distinguished men, who had come to confer with her grandfather, that she carried herself with entirely natural simplicity. With grave approval the prelates looked upon her slim grace, garbed in the old heavy costume, as she kissed their hands.

Then the Patriarch drew from his voluminous robes a velvet case. He held it aloft, almost as if it were something holy, and with the dignified im-

pressiveness of manner which had conduced not a little to his success in life, said to Artemis:

"This case, my daughter, contains something that belongs to you — belongs to the Byzas — although it has been lost to them for as long as St. Sophia has been lost to your race."

Opening the case, he took from it a very ancient gold cross, studded with jewels and hanging from a heavy gold chain.

At sight of the cross Kapetan Byzas raised himself to his feet, without aid of crutch or chair-arm, as if in one moment all infirmity had gone from him. Trembling, with outstretched hands, and with eyes that saw nothing except the cross, he advanced toward the symbol. He snatched it from the Patriarch, and with burning adoration brought it to his lips.

"Beholding thee, O my cross, I hear the doors of St. Sophia opening to my people," he cried. "Beholding thee, O buried and unearthed one, I see at last the gathering together of the Greek race."

He brought it to his lips again, and so great was his emotion, that it left him utterly spent, and for the first time Dr. Kastriotis was permitted to conduct him to his chair.

"Yes, we have at last found it," the Patriarch said with gleaming eyes. "You knew that the

search was promising: the news of its success I kept for this day — this birthday of a Byzas. You, Artemis, have known of course about this cross, which centuries ago belonged to your family, and for which both your family and the Patriarchate have been seeking ever since, — not so much because it was a precious ornament, but because of the prophecy attached to it. The prophecy is that when it shall be returned to its rightful owner, then St. Sophia will once more become Greek in language and Greek in faith, as of old. That is why the Church has taken such an active part in its search. Each Patriarch in his turn has sought to trace it, and each left in writing a record of the steps he had taken, and of the measure of success that had attended his efforts. It was elusive as the Philosopher's Stone itself. It was stolen, you remember, at the Fall of Constantinople, by Mahomet the Conqueror, who put to death the head of the house of Byzas and his sons. Fortunately there was a baby son in arms, whom his nurse escaped with and carried to a cousin of his, a bishop, who brought him up. Later, as you know, the Patriarch made it known that he was the rightful Byzas. It was he who started the foundations of your present fortune, in Russia.

"As for the cross, in vain did we try to obtain possession of it, and at the same time keep the prophecy secret. It passed from Sultan to Sultan, and then, in the middle of the seventeenth century, it disappeared. The search became harder after that. We used to send women into the Sultan's palaces as vendors of jewelry, in the hope that they might come upon some trace of it. Drawings of it existed in our archives, and we had a replica of it made, as nearly as possible, and this we tried to sell in the various palaces — always asking an impossible price for it, so that it might not leave our hands. At last it came before the eyes of one of the Sultan's favourites, and she at once exclaimed 'Why, it is like one I have.' To prove it, she brought it forth, and thus we learned that it had passed from the men to the women. Thus you see, my dear Artemis," the worthy Patriarch threw in sententiously, "that courage and perseverance are always rewarded in the end."

"And how did you get possession of it then?" Artemis asked eagerly.

"Ahem! We did not get possession of it at once; for that was a good many years ago. The courage and perseverance of our ancestors were only rewarded by a sight of the cross at that time. Then, in the

reign of Sultan Machmout, a Bulgarian priest in the confidence of the Greeks betrayed to the Turks the secret prophecy connected with the cross, and when Sultan Machmout died, he had it buried with him!"

The Patriarch paused impressively and stroked his beard, before winding up his narrative.

"In what manner we finally rescued the Christian symbol from the grasp of the Turkish living and dead may possibly be told fifty years hence — perhaps sooner, if the prophecy comes true — but it would be too dangerous to tell it now. Indeed, we in this room — and one other — alone know that it is not still in Sultan Machmout's tomb. Come, my daughter, approach, and kneel."

Artemis kneeled down, and the Œcumenic Patriarch with his bishops chanted the benediction, while Kapetan Byzas, Solon Kastriotis, and even Axios stood solemnly around them. At the end of the benediction the heavy chain from which the magnificent cross was suspended was placed around the slender neck of the last of the Byzas. Added to the ancient costume of Megara it made Artemis look more than ever sacrificial.

The old Kapetan and the Patriarch were the most moved by the return of the cross; for the Patriarch,

like his friend, was racing with Death, hoping — as so many of his predecessors had vainly hoped — that he might live long enough to chant the holy liturgy in St. Sophia before he died

At the dinner table Artemis took her seat at one end of the ancestral table, with the Patriarch at her right and Dr. Kastriotis at her left, Kapetan Byzas having the two bishops on either side of him. It was a ceremonious meal, both in food and in conversation, yet the fifteen-year-old girl, because of her up-bringing, fitted into it as well as the old men. Her dinner parties, ever since she had been twelve years old, had been ponderous affairs like this, in which heavy food was seasoned by weighty political conversation, and to such matters she lent her attention and her thoughts.

Spiro and Miltiades waited on the table with willing skill, as their fathers and forefathers for centuries had waited on the Byzas — when they were not fighting at their side on the battle-field. The great-grandfather of Spiro had carried Kapetan Byzas as a boy on his shoulders to church, just as Spiro himself had carried Artemis in like fashion on a like errand. Their existence as well as their fortunes were bound up in those of the Byzas; and in the old Greek manner they were treated as members

of the family. Both the Patriarch and the old master included in the conversation the men waiting on them, and Spiro and Miltiades replied with camaraderie, yet with reverence.

After dinner Kapetan Byzas asked Dr. Kastriotis to take Artemis for her ride, and he was hardly alone with the ecclesiastical men before he abruptly started on a new subject.

"You spoke in your letter of a weighty matter concerning the Greek throne which you wished to bring to my attention. What is it? Speak quickly. Time passes."

"Time passes quickly for both of us, Menelaos Byzas, my friend. If you and I could only make certain of twenty years more —" the Patriarch made the sign of the cross — "but who are we that we should wish to prolong our lives, if that is not meant for us? Here is the subject I wished to speak about: When Greece became free, Greece had to have a king, and the Powers made their selection, and a poor selection, too. But the wisdom of the Powers decree that little nations shall have no choice in their form of government. So there are kings ruling over us who have neither Greek blood, nor Greek tastes and feelings — and in addition they are small-minded men. I should

not blame them: how can they serve the race, since they do not understand? A thought has been growing among us that we should like to infuse the immortal Greek blood into the alien royal family. Of course there will be grave difficulties to overcome, for royal blood may not easily mix with common blood, though that may be the nobler of the two. A little while ago a deputation called on me to put the plan before me and to discuss it. All agreed that your great-granddaughter was the only possible girl who could be proposed as the wife for the future king of Greece. She is more noble than the Danish family that now governs the Greeks. She belongs to the oldest and most patriotic Greek family we have, and she has been brought up by you, Menelaos Byzas, in all the best Greek traditions. Moreover she has no other relations, and possesses an immense fortune. In every way Destiny has ordained her to be the next queen of Greece, and to give Greek blood and Greek traditions to the future kings of Greece. No more foreign princesses on the throne, in Athens. No more women who do not speak our language and do not understand our traditions. Once we establish the custom we shall keep it up. I do not say that the Russian woman has not made a good queen. I do not imply

that the sister of Kaiser Wilhelm will not make a good queen in her turn, but they are both foreigners, and the interests of Greece must always come secondary for them. We know that the son of the Diadoque is a nice young man, moral, quiet and sensible. I do not mean to say that were he not of royal blood we should choose him for Artemis. We should not; but we are not thinking of her welfare alone: we are thinking of Greece, and Greece must come above the welfare of Artemis."

Kapetan Byzas, who had constantly cursed the fate that made Artemis a girl instead of a boy, now saw in a gleam how she, though a girl, could serve her race better than had she been a boy.

"I agree — I agree absolutely!" he cried. "Think what she can do for Greece, as its queen." Then turning his eyes to the ceiling, he exclaimed: "God in Heaven, I have always matched my will against Thine, and this is the first time I score."

"Menelaos Byzas!" the Patriarch admonished, making the sign of the cross, "never a man scores who matches his will against that of his Heavenly Father. Be careful, Menelaos Byzas! How do you know that Artemis will accept?"

"Artemis — accept?" the old man cried. "And what has she to say, when I decide? Have I not

brought her up to feel that no sacrifice is too heavy for her? Have I not brought her up to feel that she must live and die for Greece? Only a few hours ago she was repeating to me the words of renunciation of immortal Iphigenia. Hellas is calling her, and Artemis shall obey. Her sons — the sons of a Byzas — will once more lead the Hellenes, and if Constantinople does not come back to us at once, at least it will be the son of a Byzas who will retake it!"

The Patriarch and his bishops again made the sign of the cross, and the Patriarch spoke:

"Yet even if we are certain of the compliance of Artemis, I say unto thee, Menelaos Byzas, do not match the will of a mortal man against that of your Heavenly Father."

"And why should I fear?" the old man cried. "Have I not brought her up dedicated to the service of her race? Why think she could fail me now?"

"I did not say Artemis would fail you, but nature might. The consent of Artemis does not necessarily make her mother of children. Bend your proud will to the will of God, Menelaos Byzas — bend it now and beseech His grace and mercy!"

Kapetan Byzas grumbled: "You come here bringing hope with one hand and doubts with the other. I have watched the girl grow more womanly

every day, until I feared that she was destined for love and nothing else. Why should she not have children? She is essentially made for motherhood. You worship the will of God: I am for the will of the people. I do not grudge you your allegiance, since it is your profession: why do you wish to interfere with mine?"

Once more the Patriarch made the sign of the cross. "Father be merciful and forgive him. He knows not what he says."

Long and late they talked over Artemis's marriage, while the girl, having exchanged the heavy Megara costume for her riding habit, was galloping afar with Dr. Kastriotis. The exercise, the air, and the surrounding beauty and calm of nature dissipated the heaviness of the day's proceedings, and she became a girl of fifteen, and not the last of a great family. She laughed and talked of the lighter things of life, while the air, whipping her cheeks, gave them a wealth of color, and added animation and brilliancy to her lustrous dark eyes. She was no longer the priestess in a trance; she was no longer the sacrificial lamb for her country: she was youth and beauty and love.

Dr. Kastriotis could not have loved her more had she been his own daughter, and seeing how

happy she was, he kept her out a very long time, and only returned to the house in time for her to make ready for the evening meal.

In spite of the tax on the old Kapetan's strength, he again came to the table, and sat with all of them and talked till very late. After the guests retired, he summoned his granddaughter to his room.

"Artemis, you have known all your life that it has been a sorrow to me that you were a girl instead of a boy. I will not let the night pass without telling you that to-day all has been changed. To-day, I have seen that you can serve your race as a girl even better than had you been a boy."

He waited for an expression of gratitude from Artemis. She made no comment. Though for once she was relieved of the odium of being a girl, the day had been so strenuous that she was tired, and only waited for him to continue.

"You know, my child, that the dynasty which rules over the free portion of Greece is of alien race. They have not in their blood the love for the Greek people, such as you and I have, because their hearts cannot speak to them. Had they been of our race, Greece would have been different to-day — and a crown would never have been added in the heart of the cross of our flag. The men who

rule the Greeks are foreigners, and their children are foreigners, because the women who hold the young princes on their laps are foreign princesses. We want to make away with all this. We want the future kings of Greece to have in their veins Greek blood."

He paused impressively before concluding:

"The cross of the Byzas has been brought back to the Byzas. And the woman who wore the Cross of the Byzas to-day can also be the woman who will give Greek blood of the purest and best to the future kings of Greece."

His eager eyes were intent on the flowerlike face of the girl. At his words a pang shot through her heart. In all her ideas of sacrifice she had never once thought of the very obvious case of consummating a marriage in the interests of her race. She was seated facing the garden, bathed in moonlight, and her eyes fell on the statue of the youth who was, one might say, the only young man she had ever known. It was such a night as it had been five years ago, when she had stolen from her bed to visit the garden, and the sight of the statue now, tall and life-like, awakened in the girl's being mysteries yet half whispered and vaguely felt. It had been a spring night when she had kissed the statue,

five years before. It was a summer night now, and she was fifteen years old. She did not have the impulse to go into the garden and kiss the statue; but her imagination conjured up the face and form of the son of the Crown Prince of Greece beside the statue — a short, heavy, dull-looking fellow, Russian in head and forehead, Prussian in the shape of the lips; and although the time had not yet come when a Prussian stood for everything noble, brave, barbarous and vile, yet the sensitive

For of Artemis fancied in the form that rose before her the splendid grace of the Grecian marble, an alien to her civilization, an alien to the sacred conventions of life, an alien to the holiness of life itself.

"Will you not speak, Artemis, or did you not understand?" the old man inquired with a tremor of impatience in his voice. "A Greek deputation has been sent to ask you to become the mother of our future kings. It is waiting to hear whether a Byzas will render a royal, alien race, Greek in blood and Greek in feeling."

"Must I speak to-night, monseigneur grandfather?"

"Perhaps it would not be fair. Go to your room and sleep. To-morrow morning come to me with your answer. It must not be said that a Byzas

was forced into giving a promise. It must come from your heart and your conscience. Good-night!"

Artemis rose, and bade him good-night. In her room, before her *ikonostase*, she prayed long and earnestly. It was not the prayer for the welfare of her race which she offered nightly. For the first time in her fifteen years she prayed for herself; she prayed for guidance, and above all for strength to school herself to accept a fate which instinctively she wished to avoid. Having been brought up by the dying light of the splendours of Greece, her atmosphere was unreal and exalted. Often she had pictured herself in the various rôles of the heroines of Greece. Without regret, and full of exultant pride, she had been ready to sacrifice herself for the welfare of the Hellenes. She had seen herself their military leader, bleeding and dying, but conquering, on the battlefield; or a spiritual leader, her time, her strength, her wealth devoted to the betterment of her race. But in all these dreams her person had remained inviolate and sacred. To-night she had been asked to fulfil none of these heroic rôles: only to marry, to become the consort of a man she did not know, and whose face gave her anything but courage for the sacrifice. And

because she had never imagined such a possibility, she stood revolted before it. While praying for strength to comply with her destiny, she kept thinking of Christ and how he had asked to have the cup taken away from his lips. And even while praying, her thoughts had become wild, her attention had refused to remain on the *ikonostase* before which generations of Byzas had asked from the powers above the power to do their duty on earth below.

For a long time Artemis stood before the saints without receiving the help and support she was seeking. Finally, discouraged, she left them and went over to the window. Wrapped in her dressing-gown, she made herself comfortable on her sofa, and sat gazing out into the night. The sky so darkly blue, the silvery stars, and all the fragrance of nature, instead of calming her, made her more rebellious, as if the calm outside were but fuel to the tumult within. Her hands clasped around her knees, Artemis let her mind roam back and forth over the years of her life — the long years, it seemed to her. Then she fell to listening to the splash of the waves of the Sea of Marmora, as they broke against the cliffs, not far from her window. Earnestly she hoped that a divine voice would speak to

her, would guide her, would tell her what to do. She thought of Poseidon, the autocrat of the sea: why should not he send a message through his waves? Gradually she began to reason with herself. After all, why should she not marry the future heir to the throne of Greece? It is true that he was nobody's hero to look at, and those who knew him reported him nothing out of the ordinary, mentally. Still, what right had she to think whether he personally pleased her or not? Hellas was asking her to do her duty. The oft-repeated words of Kapetan Byzas returned to her, as if they were the only message the waves could bring to her: "Be ready to do your part, and never count the cost!" And indeed the waves *did* begin repeating the sentence over and over again. This was the first time that she had been asked to do her duty, and she *was* counting the cost. She scourged herself into humility, a humility so rebellious as to become feverish. She lashed herself into submission, a submission so insubordinate as to be anarchical. She talked to herself as if she were another human being — talked to herself until she became dumb.

Finally humour came to the rescue — humour, the life-belt of a civilized human being. "After all, what are my objections to him? That he does not

look like the statue down there? Well, I can't marry a statue, and I'm not a Pygmalion."

She laughed, glad of the chance of feeling more sensible. Yet she could not laugh away her instinctive revolt any more than she could pray it away. The night was still dominated by the statue, who spoke to Artemis of mysteries stronger than realities. It hinted at realities which seemed the strongest part of her intangible soul. What was ether and immortality in the girl spoke of things more vital than the voice of Hellas. She abandoned herself for a while to that mysterious reality; then she pulled herself together, dismissed her vague dreaming, and rose and began to pace up and down her room.

"Artemis Byzas, you are contemptible. Your great-grandsire is right: nature has failed the family. Even as a woman you are a failure, since you question whether you like your duty or not. Why should you question at all?"

For a moment the girl wondered if she had not better go straight to her great-grandfather's room, give him her word now, bind herself, and end her misery of indecision. Only the late hour prevented her doing this.

Again she took her seat by the window. "You

shall give your word to-morrow, and you shall do your duty without counting the cost," she said to herself firmly. In this mood she fell asleep on her sofa, still listening to the voice of the sea, still inhaling the perfume of the flowers, still conscious that the hour of her duty had come.

She awoke with a start, as she felt that some one was close to her — some one gently trying to waken her. She opened her eyes and found herself supported by the kindly arm of Dr. Kastriotis. A heralding dawn had taken the place of the night, and her room was bathed in its golden glory.

"What is it?" she cried. "I fell asleep here. I shall go to bed presently."

"It is daytime, my child, and it is urgent that I should speak with you. I have just come from Kapetan Byzas's room. His soul has left us in the night."

The girl became at once wide awake; yet the entire meaning of the doctor's words she could not grasp. He waited, giving time for his words to reach her consciousness. Presently she put her hand on his arm, and with intense incredulity inquired:

"You don't mean that my great-grandfather is dead?"

"Yes, Artemis."

"And he died without my seeing him?"

The doctor nodded.

"Did he not ask for me?"

"It was in the middle of the night."

"But did he not try to see me, to ask me for an answer?"

"My child, remember," he said kindly, "that the servant of God and the servant of science are not supposed to speak of what passed in the death chamber."

The girl put her arms on the window-sill and laid her head on them. She sobbed, without tears.

"He has gone, and I have not given him his answer," she murmured. Then she rose with determination, and turned to the doctor. "I was to give him an answer this morning. I must give it to him just the same. Perhaps his soul is still there to hear it."

Dr. Kastriotis took both her hands and held them fast. "You are only fifteen years old, Artemis, and do not know what the world is. Your promise to-day would be absolutely valueless. I want you to wait until you are eighteen before making it. You must be certain that you can fulfil your tasks, not only because you have promised to fulfil them,

but because your heart and soul are in them. Even if you promised to-day, and when you were eighteen fulfilled your promise, cannot you see that you might do more harm than good, if your heart and soul were not in your promise to give you energy and courage to carry out your task? Kapetan Byzas had lived so long isolated from the world, and was for so long possessed by one idea, that he could not see that there might be such things as individual rights."

"There are none," the girl cried passionately, "none, when the good of a whole race is at stake."

"Of that we must make certain, after mature consideration—not in a hurry. You are fifteen years old. Take three years to travel, to see the world, to meet other people, and to understand yourself better. At the end of the three years your decision and your promise will be morally binding—not to-day."

"I am ready to make my answer to him to-day."

The doctor pondered for a while.

"Tell me, Artemis, when your great-grandfather asked you last night to accede to his plan, did your heart rush to it? Did you accept the idea at once?"

The girl hung her head low. "N—no." Then impetuously she raised her head: "But what of

it? I have taken hours for thought, and he was right."

"And you fell asleep there on your couch, and I found you with tears on your eyelids. I am your guardian now, although there are others who are your trustees with me. As your guardian I shall not ask, nor accept your promise, until you are eighteen; and as your guardian I say to you that your promise is valueless so long as you do not know the world, and do not know what you are promising. Will you now make ready? You will have to receive many people these next few days."

While Artemis was dressing, Dr. Kastriotis went to the room of the Œcumenic Patriarch and told him of the death of Kapetan Byzas. The Patriarch and two other Greeks were co-trustees with the doctor for Artemis. With them he discussed the advisability of waiting until the girl was eighteen before coming to a decision about her betrothal.

"But we have to give an answer to the Greek deputation," the Patriarch urged.

"I have no doubt," the doctor answered, "that in three years Artemis will do what we all hope she will, but we must not be unfair to her. It must not be said that you, the head of the church, that I, and the rest of us — grown-up men, considered

honorable in the eyes of the world — took advantage of a girl's youth and inexperience to induce her to give a promise the weight of which she was not able to understand. At eighteen, and after she has travelled for three years, her feelings, let us trust, will be the same, and her judgment will be matured. We must wait, in fairness to her."

Long and earnestly the doctor argued. Long and earnestly the Patriarch opposed him. It was the wish of so many prominent Greeks that one of their race should be married to the Crown Prince's son that the Patriarch tried to overcome the doctor's scruples.

"You see, my friend Kastriotis, we have searched everywhere, and there is only one girl — only Artemis — who can possibly be made a Diadoque's consort. There are drawbacks to every other girl, but none to Artemis. A Byzas on the throne of Greece would consolidate the free and the enslaved Greeks — all of whom look on the Byzas as their rightful leaders. Moreover, Artemis has been brought up as few other girls have been. With her there is no question but that the welfare of Greece comes above any and all personal wishes of her own. In these pampered, modern times where could you find another of whom you could say as much?"

"Yes," the doctor replied drily, "from her babyhood she was never given a chance."

"Do you realize," the Patriarch cried, "that you are going against the wishes of Kapetan Byzas? He spoke to Mistress Artemis last night of the project. She was to have given him her answer this morning."

"This morning he is dead," the doctor replied. "As you see, God interfered. Who are we to go against the will of God? I am now her guardian — and I ask no such promise."

It took a long time for Dr. Kastriotis to win the day, but he won it finally; and when, later, Artemis received the Patriarch and his bishops all expressed themselves in accord with the doctor.

The three following days were more unreal to the girl than any others of her life. The task was not only beyond her physical strength but beyond her indomitable courage. She had to receive every Greek of prominence, and deputations from all those who had received benefits from the Byzas, and who were so numerous as to fill the gardens. In addition there were the foreign representatives who came to pay their last respects to a man who had been an outstanding figure in the life of the Ottoman capital, and there were also representatives from the Sublime Porte.

Although Kapetan Byzas had been the leader against the Turks, he and the Turkish government had been in constant communication. The German, Sanders von Lemand, had not yet advised the Turks to burn and destroy the schools and churches of the Greeks and to make away with all the Greek population, as he was to advise a few years later. At this time the Greek element and its leader were a power to be reckoned with, and the Turkish government sent its representatives to the funeral to do him honor.

On the third day, at last, Kapetan Byzas, wrapped in a Greek flag, was put close to the earth he did not live to see free. Then gradually the house emptied of guests. When the last one was gone, the doctor spoke to Miss Benson:

"Put her to bed now, Miss Benson, and don't wake her up. She must sleep as long as she can, irrespective of hours and daylight."

Fourteen hours later Artemis awoke, and the whole past three days seemed something that she had dreamed. She got up, bathed and dressed, and had her breakfast, wondering how she should meet the new life. When she came out of her door, Spiro was sitting outside, precisely as he had sat outside the door of her great-grandfather.

"Good-morning, Spiro," said the girl.

"Good-morning, mistress, and may you live to reach his age."

"What are you doing here, Spiro?"

"My duty, mistress. My family has always stood outside the door of the head of the Byzas family. You are the head now, and this is my post."

"I am very grateful to you, Spiro, and I shall try to be a good Byzas. I am now going to the Kapetan's room."

Spiro followed her. The room, without the forceful personality of the man who had occupied it, seemed unfamiliar to Artemis. Then of a sudden she cried:

"Oh, Spiro! where is Axios? I had completely forgotten him."

"Doing his duty to the last. Come, mistress, you must see him."

They found Axios stretched at the foot of the old man's grave, quite dead. The girl kneeled down by him.

"Oh, Axios! Didn't you wish to stay with me?"

"Far better as it is," commented Spiro. "His life was bound up with the master's. We shall bury him a little way from here where he can still watch beside the master."

"When did he die?"

"Only this morning. He sat where you see him ever since the master was buried. He refused food and water, waiting for the master to call him to him."

The death of Axios seemed to seal this chapter of Artemis's life. Disconsolately she went back into the house to Miss Benson and Madame d'Haute-court and Madame Kaliniko, her Greek governess. Listlessly she talked with them, and it was a relief when Dr. Kastriotis arrived with definite plans. She found that he had already mapped out everything. She was to sail straight for Italy, later to France, and then to England. She was to study, but not so rigorously as hitherto.

"Your governesses will go with you," he said, when they were alone together. "You are very rich, Artemis, and everywhere you must live as befits your station. You must always have your own house, when you stay in a place any length of time. The Patriarch and I will see that you have letters of introduction, and that you will meet people whom you will enjoy, and who will interest you. You must learn to understand the world, Artemis, and above all you must meet men and women with other ideas and other thoughts than those you have been accustomed to. Study the

conditions of all the countries you visit. I shall arrange for you to have native professors everywhere you stay, to carry on your education, and you must spend several hours every day in open-air exercise. All your summers you must pass in England, where you are to take up the games and sports of the English. In two days the steamer sails, and you are to leave here then. No good can come of waiting any longer."

The difficulty came with Spiro. Since the doctor had not mentioned him, Spiro came and stood before his mistress.

"If you don't take me with you, mistress, I shall follow you at my own expense," he announced doggedly. "I belong to you."

Artemis considered for a minute. "You speak only Greek, Spiro."

"If that is all, your governesses can teach me the languages everywhere we go. If these women can speak foreign languages, why can't I?"

"You had better go and see Dr. Kastriotis," Artemis suggested. "Personally, of course, I should like to have you with me, Spiro, and you can tell that to the doctor."

Spiro did not lose any time. He was at the doctor's office as soon as he could get there.

"You left me out," he said. "You made no arrangement for me. But I am going where my young mistress goes."

"Sit down," answered the doctor. "What is your name?"

Spiro looked puzzled. "Don't you know my name?" he asked.

"What is your name?" the doctor repeated.

"Spiro Millioti."

"Have you ever known a Byzas who was not constantly followed by a Spiro Millioti? Don't be an ass, my friend. Go home and make ready. Was there any need for me to say that you were going to follow her, or is there any need for me to add that you are to look after her, just as you did after Kapetan Byzas?"

Spiro grinned sheepishly, and rose, and the two men shook hands.

CHAPTER III

IT was early twilight on a fall day in 1916. The soft light of the early winter enveloped the city of Washington, and lent it an appearance of greater age. In the drawing-room of one of those houses — they would have been termed palaces in Italy — built on the surrounding elevations of the city, sat a man young for his age, old in experience. One foot, deformed by a bandage, was reposing on a chair before him. Otherwise he was well and vigorous.

He had just dismissed an earnest and well-meaning seeker after funds to endow a chain of American schools to uplift various far-distant lands. Drily Mr. Peabody had observed that if the project were to start a chain of schools to uplift and Americanize the inhabitants of those far-distant lands who had voluntarily put themselves within our sphere of influence here in America, he would be glad to assist the movement.

"Curious chap that was," he mused. "The farther off people were, the warmer his desire to help them seemed to be. Oh, well, I suppose it will always be human nature to keep searching in the other fellow's eyes for beams and motes." Then dismissing the subject from his mind, Mr. Peabody glanced eagerly at his watch. "Fifty minutes more," he murmured. He picked up a book and tried to lose himself in it, without success. A quarter of an hour later he slapped it down on his desk and took up the receiver of the telephone. Calling up Union Station, he inquired:

"Is the six o'clock train from the west on time?"

"Yes — on time," was the answer.

He hung up the receiver, glanced at his watch, and pressed an electric button. To the colored man who came in response he said:

"You told Michael to drive the limousine to the station, didn't you, because Mr. Elihu will have a lot of baggage?"

"Yes indeedy," replied the old servant beaming.

"The train is on time. I just phoned."

"Yas'r. We done phome, too. I specks Mars Elihu'll be so strange-like Michael won't hardly know him. But it suhtainly will be good to see him back again."

Once more alone, Mr. Peabody addressed his bandaged foot. "If it weren't for you I should have gone at least as far as Chicago to meet him. I wonder," he mused, "what changes the three years have brought I wonder if he feels as he did when he left here."

He studied a life-sized portrait which hung on the wall opposite him, forty feet from his chair. Had the room been designed solely to bring out the best points of the portrait, the picture could not have shown to better advantage. It was his wife, who had died years ago in the prime of her life and beauty. He studied the sensitive mouth, the arched eyebrows, the deep-set eyes, the patrician nose, and the poise of the head, at once classical and bewitching.

"Yes, he is her son — every feature of him — and romantic, like his mother. I wonder if his travels have changed his point of view. *Some* impression, of course, they must have made."

Circumstance is dramatic at times. At this moment the door opened, and in came Elihu Peabody Jr. in all the glory of his six feet two, his youth, and his good looks.

The greeting between the two men was not only affectionate, as between a good father and son; it was the friendly greeting of two men who liked each other.

"But what is that?" Elihu inquired, pointing to the bandaged foot. "You haven't written me about any accident."

"It wasn't worth worrying you about — just a sprained ankle. It's nothing at all except that it keeps me from moving about. It cheated me out of meeting you in Chicago, or perhaps even farther west. But since you're here now, it doesn't matter."

Elihu drew up a chair close to his father's. "Now I want to hear all about everything," he said eagerly.

"All about what?" Mr. Peabody asked, smiling.

"Well, to begin with, why did you insist that I should keep on with my journey, when the war began, instead of letting me get into the game? It wasn't the danger to me, I know."

"N-n-o, that wasn't the reason, though it may have weighed more with me than it would with you. I wanted you to see the various countries — especially of the far east — under present war conditions, or near-war conditions. Now tell me what your impressions were about Japan."

They talked of Japan for a while, and then Elihu asked earnestly: "Do you think *we* are going into the war? And how do *you* feel about it. Out west they struck me as absolutely unwilling to have America help."

"Don't mind the west," Mr. Peabody answered slowly. "Unless Germany gives in on the submarine business — which, from private information, I know she won't do — we shall have to go in."

"You want us to, don't you, father?" Elihu asked with a trace of anxiety.

"Of course. I did from the first. I couldn't write you anything, because letters are no longer private, and we bankers and business men have to be very careful about expressing our feelings at present. As it is the German propaganda is industriously circulating the report that it is Wall Street and the money interests who are in favor of the war. Of course we are — but it is only because we are a little quicker-seeing and farther-seeing than the man in the street."

"Are we making ready, in any way?"

The older man considered the question. "Not in a military way; but you see we have a problem to face that none of the warring nations had. We are discovering now that the thousands and thousands of Germans who came to this country during the last ten years — and who even became naturalized — were sent here for a purpose. We have something like half a million German reservists in this country."

Mr. Peabody lowered his voice, as if unwilling even to trust the desk at his elbow, and talked on for fully fifteen minutes, ending with: "Those are some of our difficulties, you see."

Their talk was interrupted by the announcement of dinner.

"Heavens! is it as late as that?" Elihu cried. "I must run up to my room for a minute."

During dinner they touched mostly on Elihu's impressions of the Near East when the war started, of India, of Japan, and of China. Afterwards the father, leaning on his son's strong arm, went back to the big room, which he had fallen into the habit of using in preference to his own study, because of the presence of his wife's portrait. It was only then the two men began to talk of more homey and intimate things, and the hour was late when the father, placing a hand on his son's shoulder, asked in a matter of fact voice:

"Well, Elihu, how about it? Reached any decision?"

A shadow passed over the young man's features. Mr. Peabody noticed it, but waited.

"Father, I know your heart is set on my coming into the banking business, as has been the custom of the Peabodies for generations."

"It is 'Peabody and Son,'" the father interposed gently.

"Yes, 'Peabody and Son'; but all the other sons cared for the business. I — well, I don't seem to see clear. I know you are very good not to press me, and to send me around the world before asking me to come to a decision. And here I am, twenty-seven years old, having received all the advantages that education and travel and money can give, and not prepared to do the one thing on which your heart is set."

"I don't want to force you to it, Elihu. That was understood between us. Of course, as you say, my heart is set on it — but only on the supposition that you on your part don't dislike it."

"It isn't so much that I dislike the banking business, as that I want to do something else."

"What is it that you wish to do?"

"I want to take a part in the making of history: I want to be a diplomat. The more I saw and studied, on this journey of mine, the plainer it became to me that the men who really control the destinies of the world are the diplomats — even more than the soldiers. I can see now how wise you were in opposing my wish to go into the Foreign Legion. The danger is there, no doubt; but the opportunity

for doing really good constructive work is not. It's the unscrupulous diplomats of the past who have made the present war. It will have to be the conscientious diplomats of the future who will have to make a peace that will last — a peace founded on justice, and not on cut-throat politics. And I want to have a part, if only a small part, in making that peace."

Mr. Peabody had listened to his son attentively.

"The bankers and business men are makers of history also," he said slowly; "but I shall not oppose you, if your heart is set on this career."

Elihu placed his hand over that of the older man.

"Father," he said earnestly, "you are the most reasonable man I know. Let me have this one trial. Let me go into the diplomatic service for a few years. Then if I find it does not come up to my expectations I will come back, and it shall be 'Peabody and Son' again."

"Very well, Elihu. If we both stay reasonable we cannot go far wrong. Whatever you decide upon eventually, the experience you will get in the diplomatic corps will do you good, and since you can afford the experiment, we will consider the matter settled. Now have you any particular place in mind where you would like to go?"

"I don't care, so long as it is in Europe, in the thick of things."

A long time after the two men had separated for the night, and after the younger man had gone to sleep, Mr. Peabody closed the big volume he was reading in bed.

"Wonderful man, Napoleon," he murmured. "He held the world in the palm of his hand as no other man in history ever has, and he did it all by himself."

Mr. Peabody took off his glasses and put them carefully away in their case. Then his mind returned to his own affairs.

"It's heredity with Elihu, that is all. His mother was a dreamer, as a woman without practical experience ought to be. As for me—I didn't tell Elihu the struggle I had with myself, and the struggle I had with my father, before I could bring myself to go into business. I'm glad now that I went. That is why I want Elihu to come, too."

He was silent for a while, then mused again: "Helen was romantic, and I—I have read every line that has been written about the little Corsican, and I shall keep on doing so as long as there are writers to write about him. It's disappointing,

of course; but parents have no right to force their sons' choice. And even if I wanted to, I doubt if Elihu is the type that could be forced. It's because I have never tried to, that he would really do now what I asked of him — if I should ask it."

So far as appearances went Elihu Peabody Sr. was not a religious man. He was no churchgoer, and he deliberately refused to contribute to foreign missions, or to what is known as "spreading the gospel." He was, however, a good man, and a Christian man; and in his faith, with its lack of ostentation, there was a certain childlike simplicity. After putting out his light and before lying down in bed, he joined his hands together and prayed:

"Disappointed I am, dear Lord, but Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," and a few minutes later he was sound asleep.

Some men have the ability of getting what they want from other men almost without asking for it. Mr. Peabody was one of these. It was not his business position, nor his money, nor even his name and reputation which effected this: it may have been the manner in which he framed his requests; or was it perhaps because whenever he wanted a thing he first studied the situation from every angle, and

then addressed himself to the man from whom he was most likely to obtain it?

The day after his son's return, he called up a likely man on the telephone, and invited him to luncheon. This man was a member of the cabinet. He had never met Elihu before, and during the meal Mr. Peabody contrived that his son should speak of a number of his experiences during his recent travels. The cabinet minister was plainly interested and asked a good many questions, to which Elihu was able to give illuminating answers.

During the next two weeks Mr. Peabody gave a number of small luncheons and dinners at which his son met men of prominence in the government. Mr. Peabody found that these affairs, given for the purpose of making Elihu acquainted with the men of his father's generation, were of not a little benefit also to him, the father, inasmuch as they enabled him to see his son in the company of older men, to whom a young man shows a different side from that he shows to his family or to his contemporaries. He discovered with satisfaction that Elihu had a pleasant deference to the opinions of older men which augured well for success in diplomatic negotiations, although it contained no trace of subser-

viency. He could respect the opinions of others, while holding entirely different ones himself.

The banker did not guess that this attitude of Elihu's was largely due to his own treatment of the boy, ever since the time, after his wife's death, when he and his son of seventeen had become such great chums. Elihu now conversed with men of widely diverging views, with sympathy and with the attitude of always being willing to learn; and gradually Mr. Peabody, watching him, became convinced that this attitude was natural. Elihu was actually willing to learn at an age when most young men know all there is to know.

"He will go far," was the mental observation of more than one of the guests. The cabinet minister had made it at the first luncheon, and two weeks later, when again he dined with the Peabodies, the same thought recurred to him. Turning to Elihu he inquired casually:

"I suppose, like all the Peabodies, you are going to be a banker?"

Elihu colored slightly, and his father answered for him.

"Perhaps that may come in time. At present Elihu thinks he would like to take a hand in the diplomatic game," and with that he changed the subject.

No later than the next day the member of the cabinet called Mr. Peabody up on the telephone and asked if his ankle were well enough for him to drop in at his office during the day.

"I am just going out, and I'll call on you at once," the banker answered, and a few minutes later was in the other's office.

The cigars were hardly lighted before the political man inquired:

"Does this desire of your son's for the diplomatic service meet with your approval?"

"It will do him good to have the experience. In fact it used to be a theory of mine that a man ought to have at least three professions in order to be well rounded."

"Won't you miss him tremendously? He is so companionable."

"Yes, I shall miss him, of course; but I can't let that stand in the way of his career."

"Then you really wish him to get a post in the diplomatic service?"

"The sooner, the better. Elihu isn't the sort who enjoys idleness. This three-year trip — which I really made him take — though it has not been exactly idleness, has not been work, and he is anxious to begin working."

"We could send him to Paris, of course, or to London," said the member of the cabinet. "There is always room for one more; but the fact is we are anxious to send some one to Athens, and that right away. The legation there is short-handed, and overworked, because they are doing so much for the Central Powers. It seems a bit out of the running at present, but it is really more interesting than the average American thinks. Germany is making most strenuous subterranean efforts to win over Greece, and if I am not mistaken the Palace is taking a large hand in this. Things are likely to happen there at any minute."

"That will suit Elihu very well. He was a good Greek student at Harvard. To him it was never the obsolete subject it is to most modern boys."

"Does he speak any foreign languages?"

"Oh, yes. His mother saw to that. He speaks French and German well, and some Italian. He's a natural linguist."

"Better and better! How soon could he start? We are anxious to send some one at once."

"Let me know when you want him to sail and he will be ready."

"Well, I've got you an appointment as secretary

to the legation at Athens," Mr. Peabody said, that evening, when he was alone with his son. "How does that suit you?"

The light that flashed into the deep-set eyes of Elihu would have been answer enough.

"The only disappointment on my trip was that I could not spend some time in Athens. You know I had planned to go from Russia to Roumania, and then through the other Balkan states to Greece; but the war's starting when I was in Russia, and your telling me to go to the Far East changed all that."

The enthusiasm which lighted up the features of the son made him even more like his mother than usual, and the father dispassionately thought that he was not bad to look at. With the reflection he was unconsciously trying to lessen the pang that shot through him, as the son's face brought vividly to his mind the loss of the woman he could never forget.

"They want you to go pretty soon, Elihu."

"And you? Would you care to have me go so soon?"

"It is a chance we ought not to miss, and they are badly in need of a man. They say the place is very interesting, owing to German intrigue and

the attitude of the court, and that unexpected things are likely to happen. You may as well have your fling in diplomacy at a time when there is something doing."

"Wonder what I'll do for exercise. Guess I'll take both my clubs and racket along, anyhow. If they haven't any links, I may be able to find a pasture where I can lay out a few holes."

Mr. Peabody laughed. "Pretty rocky pastures you'll find, unless they've changed since I was there; but of course there's tennis everywhere, nowadays. You're to call at the State Department at eleven to-morrow, for instructions."

Thus it came about that early one morning, in the month of December, 1916, Elihu Peabody, Jr., from the deck of the Italian liner, which was the only boat that came regularly to Athens, saw afar off the most famous rock in all history, a rock which rises from the Attic plain and bears on its top a few ruined temples and scattered columns, remnants of an age long past.

There it was at last, the Acropolis, symbol of the greatest civilization, in some respects, that the world has ever known. From the unstable waters over which Elihu was now steaming, the ravenous

eyes of the Persian conqueror had once feasted expectantly on it. And from these waters had been fired the shot which had exploded the powder in the Parthenon — a shot fired, like those at Rheims and Louvain, by a German officer, though in the service of the Turks who had followed the unsuccessful Persian.

To-day, Persian and Turk had faded away, till now to fear them was confession of the most abject weakness, while still the Acropolis reigned in men's minds and men's hearts. Even the most ravenous of all the wolves, the Teuton, was to become metamorphosed into abating lamb, while still this rock and its crumbling ruins maintained their power over the spirit of mankind.

Yet all men do not approach Athens in this spirit. There have been some, opulently travelling, who have arrived there, and, expecting Broadway or State Street, Union Stations or skyscrapers — not seeing that the Parthenon had scraped nearest to the sky of all of them — scornfully pronounced Athens lacking in that which makes a town of more than one horse-power.

Elihu was not of these. He could hardly believe until fairly landed on the quay at the Piraeus, that something would not arise to prevent the accom-

plishment of his desire. A too enterprising submarine or a drifting mine might even yet stop this fairest of all his voyages. But Fate was not so unkind. He landed and took a carriage to drive up to Athens. The electric railway would have been quicker and cheaper; a taxi would have been quicker and much more expensive: but he wanted to taste every step of his approach — to lengthen out the exquisite moment when anticipation merges into reality. So in an open carriage, with his luggage about him, and intoxicated by the marvellous winter climate of Greece, he drove up the broad, straight road to Athens.

Little did Elihu imagine that on so fair a day he should be witness to the degree of degradation to which a king can bring a nation, when that king is an autocrat, and feels himself more responsible to his caste than to his people.

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CHAPTER IV

IT was yet early in the day when Elihu, having engaged his room at the Grande Bretagne, reported at the American Legation. The minister was at home, and in a half hour's interview, the two men took stock of, and formed mutually good opinions of, each other. At the end of that time in reply to Elihu's offer to go to work at once, the minister, a wise man, said:

"There's a tremendous amount of work ahead of you, but don't try to do any this first day. Go out and fill your lungs with the air of Greece. Roam the streets. A dream has become a reality, and you must taste it."

The young American needed no urging. Like many imaginative people, he looked upon Athens as the real eternal city, as the shrine of the world's mystic religion, where all must go some day to worship. He felt that of all the capitals of the world, Athens alone stood for a civilization mentally and physically of the highest order. He tramped the

streets, all of which seemed to end either in the Acropolis or in Lykabetus, living in the distant past, which was more present to him than the twentieth century, though he was soon to be brought poignantly into the present, a present as dramatic as anything the past had to offer.

As Elihu was walking aimlessly toward the centre of the white marble town he presently became aware that everybody seemed to be going in the same direction that he was, on foot, in carriages and in tramcars. What first drew his attention to the people was the odd circumstance that every person was lugging a stone along with him. Even the children carried pebbles, and in the carriages, at the feet of the well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, invariably reposed a good-sized stone. What could they all be going to do with them? There was a vindictive expression on the faces of many people — especially those in the carriages — which made him say to himself: "I wonder if they are going to stone some one?"

Elihu spoke to one man in French and asked him what all the people were doing with their stones. The man shook his head and shrugged his shoulders. Apparently he did not understand.

"I'll see this out, anyhow," Elihu decided, and

quickened his pace. There was a tension in the air which the most indifferent person could not have helped noticing, and all the Greeks seemed to be fiercely arguing some point, in which the name of Venizelos was frequently repeated. Could they be going to stone Venizelos? But Venizelos was now in Salonica in successful revolt against the king; and if it were his house they wished to stone, that lay in the opposite direction, next to the American Legation—he had learned so much that morning.

Had his ear only been attuned to the modern pronunciation, he would not have had to stay long in ignorance; for there was hardly a Greek carrying a stone who was not fiercely arguing with his companion. Elihu had never seen so much concentrated argument before. He had not yet learned that argument is life and food and drink to the Greeks—more; for they would argue going to their own funerals.

But of all this he understood no word. His head was full of Greek, but it was Greek handled by undertakers, laboring over a dead language, not Greek taught by teachers of a living tongue, and what he knew helped him not at all.

A tramcar came along, and Elihu sprang aboard it. No stops were made until they came to a large

field on the outskirts of the town. Here the people, with their stones, all got off the car, and hurried toward the centre of the field. A pile of stones was there, and each person as he came up placed his stone on it, repeating a sort of formula as he did so, in which the name of Venizelos again occurred. There were many carriages, a few motors, and officers on horseback, and every instant the throng became denser, and it became harder for newcomers to push their way through to the stone-pile.

The tenseness and excitement increased with every instant, until it culminated in a wave of exclamations rippling over the crowd, and every man took off his hat. There followed a frantic ordering of everybody by everybody else, and somehow a space was cleared around the heap of stones, and into this cleared space majestically marched a band of priests in the gorgeous vestments of the Greek church.

They halted at the stone-heap and began to chant a service, first together, and then in their curious sing-song intonation, one priest after another taking up the chant. Still singing, they solemnly marched around the heap of stones, while the multitude of people stood hushed, craning their necks to see and to hear. His height enabled Elihu to see the whole

ceremony in all its barbaric pomp — for to the American the scene seemed so fantastic and pagan that he could hardly imagine himself in a Christian country.

Elihu was crowded up against a carriage containing two men and two ladies. He turned to them, his curiosity unable to wait longer, and made another attempt to learn what all this was about.

“It is the anathema of Venizelos, the traitor,” the man replied in a fierce, low tone, and in excellent English.

“We have made an end of him now,” added the lady at his side, with equal fervor. “This will finish him. The common people will no longer dare follow him, now that the church has made him an outcast among Christian people.”

“He was very strong before,” added the other lady, “so strong that our noble king could not resist his power. But now his evil sway is over. Some feared there might be a demonstration by the people, if the Metropolitan of Athens anathematized him, but our faithful *epistrates* would not have allowed that. They were everywhere — and the people were unarmed. Gounaris managed it all very well. He ought to be our prime minister,

only the Entente, meddling in our affairs, won't let us have the man the king has chosen."

"The Cretan upstart!" broke in the second man. "He worked against Prince George in Crete until he managed to drive him out, and he was trying to play the same game here, against our warrior king; but thank heaven that is blocked now. With the church against him he can do nothing."

Not being well versed in modern Greek political history, Elihu did not try to controvert them. In a general way he understood that Greece, at the beginning of the war, had had a treaty of alliance with Serbia, and that Venizelos, the former prime minister, had been thwarted in his attempt to carry out his treaty obligations by the king and the queen, who was the sister of the kaiser. With this meagre outline, however, he felt that his place was to learn, not to impart information.

His eyes fell upon two persons he had not noticed before in a carriage a little behind him. One was a middle-aged woman, unmistakably an English lady; the other a slender girl, the nobility and intelligence of whose face made her appear older than she evidently was. It was her expression which riveted Elihu's attention. Amid the throng of people, many of whom bore scowls of vindictive

hatred, she was noticeable for an air of detachment, tinged with faint scorn. That she was a Greek Elihu did not doubt for an instant. She seemed the very embodiment of eternally young Greece, whom the world loves. So might Pallas Athena look, he thought, were she to come down from Olympus and see in what a petty manner the modern Athenians were comporting themselves, — not hating them, but viewing all with a mind which recked not of to-day or to-morrow, which had known ages past, and had visions of ages to come; with the calm and tranquillity which belongs to the immortals.

Fascinated, he gazed at her. It was not her beauty. He was hardly aware of that, although she might indeed have been the statue of Pallas Athena come to life — only more lovely and lovable than the goddess, as flesh and blood is more appealing than any marble.

The rest of the ceremony he followed by watching her face. It came to an end soon afterwards with a long cry of "Curse the traitor!" from many throats, though with less heartiness, it seemed to Elihu, than might have been expected. The carriages and horsemen struggled forth from the mob, and those on foot streamed back toward the city. Elihu stood where he was, till only he remained

beside the heap of stones, surmounted by a piece of board on which was scrawled "The Anathema of Venizelos."

He was loath to leave here, as if by some miracle the girl might return; but he was going to dine informally with the minister and his family, and the hour was approaching.

During dinner, and afterwards, when a number of people dropped in, little was spoken of except the occurrence of the afternoon, yet Elihu did not mention that he had witnessed it; for had he spoken, he could only have spoken of the girl. What had her feelings been? She must be a Royalist, or she would not have been there, but was she in sympathy? He conjured up her face, but it returned to his memory inscrutable, with the detached look as of a person who had understood no word of what had passed.

Two tables of bridge were made up, and Elihu was urged to fill out the second. He could not well refuse, and played to a late hour. When at last he was free to go, he walked slowly up Othos Panepestemeou to his hotel, the magic of the past returning to him in the night. He was again treading Athens in her prime, when she was civilized and all else was barbarism. At the corner of Con-

stitution Square, with the Acropolis felt rather than seen to the southwest, stood his hotel. Reluctantly he went up to his room. There he hesitated, then swiftly came to a decision:

"I am not going to bed this first night. It was bad enough to have to play bridge, when Athens was calling me. I am going out to meet the past."

He put on a light overcoat and went forth. He passed the sleepy night porter with a nod, and the porter understood. He was a Greek, and few Greeks fail to grasp the power their city exercises upon the imaginative foreigner.

It was December, but this was Athens, and the air received him with soft embrace. In the open he inhaled the subtle perfume which is everlastingly a part of Greece's atmosphere. "Formerly the gods trod thy immortal land. That is why, O Greece! thou exhaledst an immortal perfume," as the modern poet says.

He walked on from street to street, exhilarated to be out, and thrilled to be on the same ground where so many heroes had walked, centuries ago. Of all the possessions of men imagination is the most precious. It lifts one above the commonplace, it transports one into regions of enchantment. It turns men into gods, by making them one with the

Deity. Elihu on this night had all the soul desires, for he was consorting with gods and demi-gods in perfect familiarity. He, too, was one of the immortals, living in their city, treading their paths, and holding communion with their shades. Out of the past Greece rose to meet him: all he had learned as a boy and later as a youth at college detached itself little by little from the heap of half-forgotten things and returned to him, gold untarnished, the knowledge of the mind becoming the knowledge of the soul.

Unconscious of his direction he walked on and on through the sleeping city until he found himself again in the field — stretching endlessly away into the dark — where, not for the first time, the church had ranged itself against one of the world's great moral leaders, and tried by official ceremonies and pronouncements to destroy him — where the Royalist party of Greece had assembled that afternoon to do the will of Germany.

And there, in an instant, ancient Greece receded, and gave place to one person alone, a young girl — who ever has been able to blot out the universe for man. As he thought of her, she changed: she was no longer the reincarnation of the spirit of old Greece; she became the personification of a New

Greece, a Greece alive and forward-looking, a Greece of the future — and of the present which that future was hourly becoming.

The stars had travelled so far on their courses that the night had nearly passed. Elihu heard soft footfalls of one walking cautiously; then a veiled figure approached the heap of stones, and from a basket began scattering roses on it. Standing motionless the American watched her as if he were reading a page from one of the old tragedies — as if indeed he were seeing one of them enacted. Here in the stealthy night was a woman defying king and church, and honoring the spot that had been anathematized. Elihu tried to recall in which of the tragedies such a scene had taken place. Was it *Antigone*? Was it *Electra*? He felt certain he must have read it somewhere.

The thorny stem of a long rose she was throwing caught in her veil and pulled it off. The night had been growing more translucent, more luminous. Elihu recognized her: it was she, spirit of Modern Greece. He held his breath, while one by one she covered the ugly stones of hate with the flowers of love. Then once more Elihu heard footsteps, and panic seized him. She must not be discovered doing this.

Forgetting all but her danger, he stepped toward her and laid his hand on her arm:

"There are people coming! Quick! You must not be caught here."

So sudden was his apparition she seemed not to have time to be frightened, and let herself be led away a few paces. Then she drew her arm from his grasp and peered into his face.

Into her own came a look of recognition and of utter amazement. She passed her hand over her eyes, then touched him, as if to make sure he was flesh and blood.

"You! you!" she cried. "Where do you come from? What are you now?"

But for the strangeness of the hour and the place and the circumstance, Elihu might have been surprised at this address; but it all seemed quite natural, and he answered:

"My name is Elihu Peabody. I am a secretary in the American Legation. And you — " he smiled, "I know — you are Pallas Athena."

Her gaze was intent on his face, nor did the look of wonderment and surprise leave hers. She shook her head, solemnly:

"You ought not to have remembered that. I was only in jest, that night."

"What night? I saw you this afternoon, but surely we have never met before."

Her expression, which had had something of the far-away look of a statue, changed, and there crept into it a gleam quite human.

"Never mind about that night. You are not supposed to remember it. Look!" She pointed to the dim figures near the heap of stones. "You see I did not have to fear."

Elihu realized that in truth there had been no cause for alarm. All the dim figures had come on the same errand as the girl, and were strewing flowers on the Anathema of Venizelos. He and she watched many people come to pay their tribute, and disappear again into the shadows. When the last had gone, the American spoke again:

"Surely if we had ever met, I could not have forgotten."

The approaching dawn was lessening the opaqueness of the dark, and on the girl's face Elihu could see a mischievous interest striving with the look of wonderment which he seemed to cause her.

"That night, I was only ten years old."

"But where was it?"

"You could not possibly remember, even if I told you." But for the humorous sanity of her eyes, he

might have thought her demented. Nodding: "You forgot," she asserted brazenly.

"What if I don't let you go until you tell me more?" he blustered.

She laughed outright, at the threat

"Tell me once more under what name you tread the earth."

"Elihu Peabody."

"I shall have to get accustomed to that name. It is a most — a most unfitting — appellation."

Some one moved near them, as if sneaking up on them, and Elihu laid his hand on her arm protectingly. She did not shake it off, but said:

"Do not be alarmed. That is Spiro Millioti, and he belongs to me."

With her words Spiro seemed to rise out of the ground. He saluted the girl, and she spoke to him in the soft but stately language of his race. When she had finished the Greek came closer to the American, and touching his hand to his cap in a military salute said:

"Thank you, sir."

"Spiro is my walking shadow," the girl explained. "That is why I seemed so brave in the darkness — I knew he was within call. And that was why I did not scream when you — " She hesitated, then

ended with an impish gesture, "when you came down from your pedestal."

"My pedestal? I have never been on one that I know of."

"No?" Her eyebrows arched. Her eyes mocked him. "You have drunk from the river of Lethe." She waved her hand. "Good-bye — or perhaps, au revoir — Monsieur Pea-Body." She laughed once more. "Most unfitting name, most unfitting!"

CHAPTER V

FOR a long time Elihu stood where the Greek girl left him trying to make out what her words had meant. She had certainly seemed to recognize him, yet where could they have met before? She had said it was when she was ten years old. She could not be more than nineteen or twenty now: then it must have been nine or ten years ago, just about the time he was going to college. His family had spent several summers in England, in Norway and in France about that time. They must have met there. Yet had he known a Greek girl as strikingly beautiful as this one was, even though she had been only ten years old, it seemed as if he would have remembered her.

A phrase of hers recurred to him: "Under what name are you treading the earth?" Had she meant anything by that, or had it been a flowery way of asking him his name?

Then with poignant pleasure he remembered that after she had said "Good-bye," she had added, "Au revoir."

He shook himself. "I feel as if I were in a novel."

It was clear daylight by this time, and the heap of stones was a resplendent mass of color.

"I wonder how his Danish Majesty will like his anathema in blossom?" he thought.

Slowly he walked back toward the centre of the town, until he met a carriage and engaged it to take him to his hotel, where, after a cold bath, he felt as fresh as if he had slept the night through, and ferociously hungry. He ordered breakfast, and looked in dismay at the half slice of black bread, with goat's butter, and the cup of coffee brought him.

"Is this all I draw?" he demanded. "I want ten times — twenty times as much: a loaf of bread, and eggs, and a steak, and fried potatoes. Can't I get 'em?"

"Monsieur may be served eggs and meat, by ordering extra, and as much butter as he wishes; but a half slice of bread is all that anyone is permitted to have at a meal; and there have been potatoes already once this week, so there are none in the hotel. Greece is blockaded, and short of many things."

"All right! Bring eggs and meat for a regiment. I can't see that the butter will do me much good without either bread or potatoes."

Elihu was at the Legation before nine, and pitched

into this work with great energy. Every detail of it was of vivid interest to him, and he congratulated himself that he had chosen a career which filled his veins with the zest of living. He was not yet aware that the Song of Songs was singing in his heart. The Legation needed his help sorely, since in addition to its regular work — which was much more onerous than in peace times — it was also attending to the business of Austria and Bulgaria. But busy as he was, within a few days he found time to engage a house and start his own establishment. Unlike the majority of young men he had a strong wish for a home of his own, hotel life being distasteful to him, especially after his three years of travelling. Having inherited the entire fortune of his mother, who was a member of one of the old New York families, he could easily afford to live more like an ambassador than like a simple secretary. He was fortunate enough to find a house part way up the slope of Lycabettus, and almost on a level with the Acropolis. It possessed a charming small garden, and overhanging this a marble balcony, from which he could be in constant communion with the great relic of greater Greece, and with the Gulf of Salamis, of ancient fame.

Elihu, the son of a man who had read every word

written about the little Corsican, and of a woman of romantic and poetic temperament, himself possessed an imagination which served him as well in the unreal life which is the most beautiful part of the real, as his well-trained body did in athletics. That marble balcony of his was like a fairy's wand. He had only to step out on it, and the Greece of the past became alive, and he was consorting with it illustrious citizens. Nor was modern Greece less kind to him. Young, with an attraction of feature and manner of which he himself was not aware, possessed of a sufficient amount of the world's goods to remove material restrictions from his path, and with a heart that wished no evil to his fellow men, life was full of happiness. Moreover he soon found that he was serving under a just man who treated his secretaries as his friends, and enjoyed helping them to become popular.

The social world of Athens was open to Elihu. It was an agreeable world in itself, and it contained the added charm for him that somewhere in it he must find his Pallas Athena. Indeed he marvelled that he had not already seen her, when he became aware how small Athens was. Could it be possible that she had been only a passer-through? But no! There had been something about her, as of one who

belonged there, — and then had she not said “Au revoir”? Those two little words were the sheet anchor of his contentment. Yet in microscopic Athens she seemed swallowed up and lost.

To the Acropolis he paid homage daily from his balcony; but he had not yet been up to see it — partly because his work at the Legation was very engrossing. A week passed, ten days, then two weeks, and yet the fitting time did not seem to arrive. He did not wish to make a hasty sight-seeing trip, nor did he wish to go for the first time with anyone else. He looked forward to visiting it as a devotee does to visiting the shrine of a saint; and this first time it must be the moon who should show it to him, with her gift of rendering the real ideal, and the ideal real.

And so the days slipped rapidly by in the satisfaction of hard work well performed. Elihu was also learning much about the political affairs of Greece, then in a most important condition for the Allies; and the more he learned, the more interest he took in the work of the Legation, which in the future might become of vital importance to the winning of the war — for Elihu, no more than his chief, was “neutral” in any except official acts.

Athens was really in a state of civil war, in the

bloodless, argumentative Grecian way. The air was tense; the streets were full of reservists, *épistates* whom the German propaganda, and German gold kept in a constant ferment against the French and the English; and to Elihu it seemed certain that something was bound to happen sooner or later. As secretary of a neutral Legation, Elihu was courted by both sides, each one trying to make him see the situation from his point of view. The shrewdness he inherited from his father kept him from displaying partisanship. He was naturally rather conservative, and had an inherent belief in the right of those classes that have worked their way to better things, to rule those who are content to go on from day to day, without trying, by self-denial and thrift, to raise themselves out of the ruck. He also had an instinctive fear of the mob, and this fear made him inclined to prefer the established government to an experiment.

It was this attitude of his which made the Royalists believe that he was sympathetic to their side, and that he would use all his influence in America to bring about a more sympathetic feeling toward King Constantine. Their friendly advances were very cordial. They welcomed him to their houses, not only because they wished to attach him to their

party, but because from his education and position he was in reality one of them. Socially, Elihu liked the Royalists, on the whole, better than he did the Venizelists. He played tennis with them on the lovely courts close by the Temple of Jupiter and beneath the shadow of the Acropolis. Most of them spoke fluent English, and had travelled extensively, and he found that he had a great deal in common with them. They confided in him between sets; for not even a game of tennis was free from politics. The Venizelists also unbosomed themselves to him, and he was astounded to see with what frankness the diplomats of the Entente, as well as those of neutral Legations, spoke among themselves. Gradually he came to a full sense of the multitude of intrigues with which Athens was teeming. He kept his ears open and talked little. With a thrill that never grew jaded he realized that he was a part of the making of history.

At times the political situation so absorbed him that he forgot everything else. There came other times — especially when he was on his balcony at night — when everything else receded and left in his mind one figure, that of a young girl, whom he had met once, whose name he did not know, and whom he called his Pallas Athena.

Of that elusive quality — seven-eighths whim and one-eighth genius — known as temperament, Elihu had inherited an uncomfortable amount from his mother. He did not let it interfere with his work: with the rest of his life it was given more latitude. He had been putting off going up to the Acropolis from day to day for some undefinable reason he could not himself have put into words — perhaps simply as children reserve their goodies to the end, the better to gloat over them. Then one day he woke up with the knowledge that on the coming night he should visit the Acropolis. Yet the weather was singularly unpropitious. Dense clouds covered the sky, and ever and anon a sharp storm of wind and rain drove down the bleak white streets. Nor was there any promise of a change for the better. Over and over again he told himself that it was absurd to think of visiting the Acropolis on such a night. Yet he knew he was going just the same — felt confident, also, that he should obtain at least a fleeting glimpse of the Parthenon when some rift in the harsh clouds would permit the moon to disclose it to him.

Elihu dined alone in his own house, where three good Greek servants, all possessing a smattering of English, had made him feel at home. His

dinner was good, and the cigar he had brought from America even better: nothing except the weather interfered with his contentment. After he had finished eating, he stepped out on his balcony to view the prospect, and reason for the last time with himself. He found the rain had ceased; a cold wild wind blew bitterly, and the whole landscape had lost its usual mild winter charm. Wrapped in his big fur coat, he tried to talk himself out of his proposed trip. "There's nothing romantic about it, you poor fool! It's plumb idiocy."

Standing half convinced on his balcony, he heard with a distinctness which did not admit of dispute the sound of volley firing. He shivered. This was the third night on which he had heard it, and on this cheerless night it sounded especially sinister. What cause could there be for volley firing? He knew the explanation the Venizelists gave it. They averred that at the barracks on the road to Kifissia, Cretan soldiers were being shot because they refused to abandon their allegiance to Venizelos. He had refused to credit this report at first. Greece seemed such an academic sort of place, so far removed from the bloody realities of these times. Greece had so often before had revolutions which began with the song of a poet, was carried on by

café arguments, and culminated when the people read in their morning papers that it had happened. In this manner King Otto had been driven from the throne in 1862; and thus also had occurred the "bloodless revolution" of 1909. Yet a more sinister influence now hovered over Greece, an influence to whom the killing of a few thousand men, to further its own schemes, was indeed of only academic interest. As the heavy clouds in the sky blotted out the moon, so Teutonism was blotting out Attic gentleness and cultivation; and in the Royal Court — German through long years of queenly propaganda — there was an instrument which would stop at nothing.

If anything could have put Elihu out of the mood for visiting the Acropolis, it would have been the reverberations of these Teuton guns; and yet, when all became still, he slowly went into the house, slowly passed through it, and out again into the black night. It was as if something stronger than his reason were impelling him forth.

"I've got to have some exercise anyway," he told himself. "I'm getting soft" — and it was against his principles to permit himself to get soft in mind or body. He used to say: "A man ought to keep himself in such condition that he could run a mile

in six minutes, or walk thirty miles in a day, or ride fifty, at a moment's notice"; but when one's work was entirely indoors he found that it required a certain effort to keep in such physical condition.

As Elihu walked through the silent streets he met no one except a few prowling *epistrates* — reservists, many of them ex-convicts, whom the pro-German former prime minister Gounaris had released and set to work to spy on all Venizelists, and to browbeat them into seeming support of the king. These men, with bellies well filled by Prussia's daughter, and clad in German-paid-for uniforms, swarmed the streets of Athens, and found congenial occupation in a bullying idleness. The American had slipped a revolver into his pocket; he was young, strong, and an athlete. He walked through the dark, deserted streets with a certain elation, and came to the columns of the ruined temple of the Olympian Zeus. Indistinctly they showed up in the night. He wandered in and out among them, and in spite of the cold, sat down on one of the broken bases. The spell of ancient Greece was now full upon him. Why should he not visit her ruins on such a night? Hellas had had her dark days as well as her bright. She was as much remembered by the times when her sons went out to die in a battle

against hopeless odds, as by her fair flowers of literature and art.

Indeed all the beauty of thought, all the beauty of architecture she had left behind would mean little to the world had it been developed in slavery. This temple of Jupiter, and the Parthenon up above, would stand for far less were it not for Thermopylae and Salamis. And what had consecrated modern Greece? Was it not the nine years of bloody, hopeless struggle against the Turk, which had made her free once more?

Elihu rose and set off for the Acropolis. The gate at its foot was open, and he walked quickly up the winding road. The higher he mounted, the nearer he seemed to come to that splendid past, in which a small nation had dominated the world, not by force of arms, but by the force of their intellect and their love for physical and mental perfection. He did not stop even for a look at the ruins of a theatre of a later period, which in itself would have been quite worth while, had it not been for the better that awaited him beyond.

He came to the Temple of Niké, the Temple of the Wingless Victory. High above him it gleamed white against the angry sky, perfect-seeming in the night. From it the lookouts had watched Aegina,

and the Saronic Gulf, and had notified the triremes in the Piraeus to put forth against their enemies.

Elihu's eyes had been so intent on the incomparable little temple, where he almost saw the white-robed priests in stately procession, that he did not at first notice the tall iron railing which barred his further progress. To think that there should be a railing to keep the world away from the inspiration of the past! It jarred on his mood of exaltation — but only for an instant. The obstacle made the goal the more desirable. He rattled the gates and called for the guardian. There came no answer. He seemed alone with the past and with eternity,

“Here goes, then! I see the Acropolis to-night, or I go home without a coat.”

He took off his overcoat, rolled it into a bundle, and with a mighty heave threw it over the railing. Then he set about climbing after it. The iron gates were not made primarily for climbing, yet he surmounted them, and somewhat ruffled in dress, but singularly soothed in spirit, stood on the other side. It was his now — the whole of the Acropolis. He had conquered it in fair fight, and for the night no one could dispute its possession with him.

The clouds between the moon and the earth had become less dense, and Elihu stood gazing up at

the Propylaea. In the uncertain light its huge columns seemed to move, as if they were alive. He mounted the steps to them, and stood among them, and then there came to him a very real start. Something *was* moving, there was no doubt of that. From the deeper shadow of a pillar a slender form came forth, and extended a hand toward him, and a musical voice spoke.

On and on the voice went, in what Elihu knew to be Greek, because now and then he could catch a word. The voice spoke slowly and impressively, in recitation. The face he could not see, being entirely in the shadow, but the pleading tones and the outstretched hand seemed to want something from him. Inwardly he cursed the system of his college which had taught him Greek with such a pronunciation that here on the Acropolis itself he could not make out the words of a language to which he had devoted so many years of study.

The vibrant tones came to an end. The figure advanced, the hand threw back the hood of the cloak, and Elihu stood face to face with the girl of the Anathema.

"My Pallas Athena!" he cried.

"I am not Pallas Athena," she answered simply, "but I doubt whether she loved the Greeks better

than I do. I might have come down and opened the gates for you, when the wind brought me the sound of your voice, calling; but I wanted to know whether you would go away or would surmount them." She hesitated for an instant. "I thought you would come, and as a reward you will see the Acropolis as few take the trouble to see it. You will see the Parthenon almost hidden in the cloudy night; and then when the clouds break away — as presently they will — the Parthenon will shine forth a radiant jewel in a setting of silver moonshine."

"What was it you said to me in Greek?"

"What does it matter since you did not understand?"

"Could you not tell it to me in English?"

"It would not be the same."

"Why can I not understand you? I can read all the signs over the shops, and the newspapers pretty well"

"To think that you should only be able to do that — you!"

"You see we are not taught Greek as a living language," he answered apologetically. "I had no idea that modern Greek was so much like that of Plato."

There was a mocking ring in her reply. "How curious that you should have forgotten so much."

"I have not forgotten. I never knew."

She laughed again. "No? What did you say your first name was? I tried to remember, but I couldn't. It was so — so outlandish. Pea-body, I do. It is very — Anglo-Saxon. Spell the first one to me."

"E, l, i, h, u."

"Elihu!" She gave the strong sound of the Greek χ to the *h*. "Is it perhaps borrowed from some of the wild Indians among whom you dwell now?"

"It is an American name. It is the name of my father, and of my father's father. In fact there has been an Elihu Peabody ever since the family first came to America."

"And did they all look like you?"

"No. I am supposed to look like my mother."

"Ah! And why were you exiled?"

"Exiled?" he repeated, wondering. "From where?"

"From Olympus," she said, but she said it in Greek.

"That isn't fair, when you know I don't understand."

"I am — I am — coaxing your memory."

She had this trick of saying puzzling things from

time to time; but the eerie night, the shifting clouds, the strange place made the everyday values seem the fantastic ones.

"I have looked everywhere for you," Elihu said. "It is odd I never thought of looking for you in your own temple."

"I am not here often," she answered sombrely; "but when I have suffered all I can suffer; when things become unbearable down there" — she pointed to the sleeping white city below — "I come up here and stay with the past. Little by little I forget that Greece to-day is but a pawn in the game of the great powers. Little by little I forget that a man who is not a Greek by blood, who lacks even the cultivation to be a Philhellene, is holding its destinies in the hollow of his Danish hand. I need to return from the present to the past."

For a while there was silence; then with passionate eagerness she went on:

"A tragedy has taken place down there, monsieur, and the world does not even know it. Some time you must let me tell you the truth, and you must help your people to understand mine; for we owe so much to America that she must not misjudge us."

"I should say it was the other way around: the whole world owes so much to Greece."

She interrupted him bitterly. "I am not speaking of Ancient Greece, and I do not want you to do anything for my country because of that. Modern Greece, in spite of appearances, must be helped because she deserves it, not because she is the descendant of an illustrious ancestor."

"But in what way is modern Greece beholden to America?"

"If you wish to know how much your country has done for mine, take a trip through the country. Whenever you come across a house more trim looking than the majority, a garden better kept, a little shop with its merchandise more tastefully displayed, go inside and ask the owner if he has not been to America. In nine cases out of ten the answer will be 'Yes!' I have done it and I know. During the two Balkan wars I came here to help establish hospitals. I watched the army pass. The men who had lived in America could be picked out by the way they held themselves and marched. There were thousands of them. Half had become American citizens. During those Balkan wars I learned to admire your country, and to entertain in my heart a warm gratitude to it. It came over me that the new world must indeed be wonderful, since, in making American citizens of the Greeks,

it rendered them better Hellenes. I talked with many, both in the field and in the hospitals. Most of them had paid their own way back, leaving their little shops and their occupations, to fight for a land to which many no longer even owed allegiance. They had seen in what respect the ideals for which Greece stands were held in America, and it made them respect their own country the more. The mission of your country, Mr. Peabody, is the noblest that has been given to any country. The poor and illiterate — often the dregs of the world — come to you, and in time you raise them to your own plane. And then in their turn they carry your light back to the old countries.”

As she ended there broke into her seriousness a whimsical expression, and raising one arm aloft in a statuesque pose, like Minerva holding her sceptre, she addressed him in Greek — then translated into English:

“Pallas Athena sends her thanks to Uncle Sam!”

While they had been talking the wind had abated, the clouds had become less dense, and now a ray broke through and fell upon the columns of the Propylaea.

“See! see!” the girl cried with a thrill in her

voice, "the goddess of the moon is good to you. She is going to light up the temples one by one, and then let you see the whole Acropolis in a full blaze of light."

They turned toward the east, and as the girl had prophesied, the divine beauties of this hill, dedicated to the gods, were revealed to them, first piecemeal, and then as a whole, under the full rays of the moon, unobstructed by even the fleeciest cloud.

"The gods must have forgiven you," the girl said in an awed tone. "Perhaps your banishment will end."

"My banishment?" Elihu was beginning, puzzled, when behind a column he spied something moving. "There is a man behind that column!" he said, slipping his hand into his pocket.

"It is only my shadow," she answered quietly. "It is Spiro Millioti. Wherever I am, there he will always be. And when he ceases to be, I shall probably cease to be what I am."

Spiro, seeing that his presence was noticed, came up to them. Elihu held out his hand. Spiro took it in the old Greek fashion and brought it to his lips.

"I did not see him, and yet he was so close to us," the American said in wonder.

The girl laughed. "It is one of his talents. He has practised what they now call 'camouflage' long before the word was invented. Another of his talents is fighting. I was not quite sixteen, and we were in Scotland, when one day he came to me in a very serious mood. 'Your education is all very well, as far as it goes,' he said, 'but you are not learning what your family has always known better than anything else, and that is fighting.' 'Why, Spiro, how can I fight?' I asked. 'As men fight — with guns and pistols, and it would do you no harm to know how to handle a knife. When it comes to close quarters or in the dark, there is nothing like a good sharp knife. You have got to learn to shoot and to shoot straight, and this is the right place to learn. There is plenty of open country, and these Scotch fellows are like the Greeks — they won't mind the firing,' and after that I had to practise with him every day on the moors, and never have I had a master so exacting as Spiro. He is kind enough to say that now, between us, we could take care of a platoon of men. He never permits me to go a week without practising. But he is not happy just now. He has not confided in me, but I have an idea that he is quietly working to bring about an insurrection in this town."

"Then he isn't a Royalist?"

She shook her head. "We must not start on politics again. Since the gods of Olympus are in a favourable mood to you, let us consecrate this night to their worship. We will call it our sacrificial night. That will propitiate them. Think what this hill has seen since the old, old Greeks first decided to dedicate it to the gods, and to build a temple on it. First, you know, it was built of wood, and the Persians burned it. Then it was rebuilt in stone; but the ruins we now see are of a third construction."

"Pity the Parthenon could not have been saved for us in all its perfection."

"It is more impressive as it stands, with the sky for a ceiling and the surrounding mountains for walls. You can see all Greece through it, and you can let your imagination play about it as you could not had you it whole. Perfection closes the door to the imagination."

"How you love it," the American murmured.

"Love it? I am not certain that I love it. It is too great a heritage for any race, too heavy a burden for my people to bear. It is because of the Acropolis and what it stands for, that you do not see the qualities of the Greeks of to-day. You are always

comparing them to Pericles, to Themistocles, to Demosthenes. It is unjust." She stamped her foot. "There I go again. You mustn't let me. Not a single word must be uttered that does not breathe of sacrifice for the gods of Olympus."

The moonshine was dazzling in its intensity, and every detail was clear-cut in the wonderful light.

"What a sense of proportion they had," said Elihu.

"Praise them all you can," the girl assented. "I am certain they are lurking around to-night, and listening to every word."

Spiro spoke to his mistress, and her rippling laughter charmed the silence of the night.

"Spiro says we need not worry about our talk; that although the gods are all here, they cannot understand an alien tongue."

"Does Spiro understand English, then?"

"Oh, yes. He learned it in Scotland, and speaks Scotch with a strong Greek accent. I have laughed so much at his accent that he won't speak when he can help it."

"What do you think the gods are doing here, Spiro?" the American asked.

"They are worrking at their thunder-bolts to smite the forreigner."

"That sounds dangerous for us foreigners."

"Nay," replied the Greek, "you are not a forreigner. If Praxiteles were living he would take you for a model. There is only one forreigner in this country — and he lives there!" He pointed toward the palace.

It was the heart of the night when the three started down from the Acropolis.

"I suppose the gate opens at your approach, Pallas Athena," Elihu suggested. "Or do you climb like a mortal?"

"Spiro has a key. Never before, since Athens became free, has the Acropolis been locked away from the people. It, too, must share in the degradation of modern Greece. It, too, must be put under lock and key and suffer the present terrorism. It too, must learn that there is no freedom in Greece to-day."

At the lower gate the girl halted. "Here is where our ways divide, monsieur. Good-night to you, and may the evil lurking in this city vanish at the approach of your footsteps."

"And when shall we meet again?" he asked earnestly.

"'In thunder, lightning, or in rain.' Ah!

Monsieur Elihu Peabody, your great poet, whom we call the English Pindarus, did not give an answer to that."

"But can't *you* give the answer?"

"No. It is in the lap of the gods. Perhaps it depends on how much they have liked our sacrificial night. Again, good-night."

CHAPTER VI

IT'S a long way to Tipperary — ”

“Shut up, Peabody!” exclaimed the First Secretary of the Legation, who had been in Athens two years, and whose nerves were on edge. “I never saw anyone like you. How can you work and sing at the same time?”

“Shut up yourself!” Elihu answered good-naturedly. “You could sing, too, if you didn't make a tragedy of life.”

“Life is a tragedy — especially just now. This is the fifth time I have planned to go to Delphi, and here I am again unable to budge. Too much work last year, too much work this year. You seem to thrive under it.”

“I have never been so exhilarated in my life.”

Gardner Wilkes stared at him, while gathering up his papers, preliminary to taking them up to the Minister's study for his signature.

“I didn't come to Athens to look after the affairs of Austria; I came here to see Greece.”

"Then you ought to have attached yourself to friend Cook, and not to the Legation, you block-head."

"How's your Greek coming on, Peabody?"

"Polli kala, ev charisto," Elihu answered readily.

"You beat the Dutch the way you pick up the language. I believe you have learned more in seven weeks than I have in two years. How do you manage it, with all the work you have to do?"

"I throw shoes and plates at the servants when they speak anything but Greek to me; and you know there is really very little difference between Xenophon and what these descendants of his speak, once you catch the knack of pronouncing it in their soft musical way."

"I don't like their 'soft, musical way,'" Wilkes grumbled.

"That's the trouble with you, Wilkes. You like nothing except your own foolish ways. You may be in Pekin or in Athens, but the scent of Chillecothe will cling to you still. Fancy the Middle West daring to criticise the way the Hellenes pronounce the language of their ancestors."

"Well *I* do — and as for their food — "

"Go back to Oshkosh, and order corn beef and cabbage."

"I wish I could — and take three baths a day. Think of paying sixty cents at the hotel to get into a tub. This isn't God's country — "

"No, it's always been pantheistic. A god lurks behind every column — if you only had eyes to see."

"Pshaw!" and Wilkes left the room with his papers.

Elihu resumed his song. "It's a long way to Tipperary, — I should say it was. Nineteen days to-day! Where on earth does she hide herself? If I could only discover that." He went back to his song and to his work. The one expressed his feelings, the other satisfied the innate craving in him for accomplishing things. He worked long into the evening, and only reached his house at eight, in time for dinner, having walked up the steep hill from the Legation at a pace which taxed his wind thoroughly. He called this his training, and would never permit a horse to pull him up to his door, even if he could have found a cabby willing to make the attempt. For the horses in Athens were half starved from the blockade the country was undergoing, and locust pods were their chief fare. The smallest hills were almost more than they could surmount, so that it was quite the common

thing for a cabby to deposit his fare at the foot of any steep street, instead of taking him to his destination.

After dinner Elihu stepped out on his balcony to smoke. The month of February was now far advanced and the early spring was coming on apace. Elihu inhaled the aroma of the air.

"It is heavenly!" he murmured. "I can quite see why the Greeks believed they had inter-married with their gods. There is something in the air which inspires the belief."

There was no moon, but the indigo blue sky was suffused with a soft light, and the brilliant stars seemed alive. Elihu began to pretend that the sky was Mount Olympus, and that the stars were its gods. No knowledge of astronomy hampered him, and confidently he picked them out.

"There they are, Zeus and Hera, those big, bright ones; and that good-looking chap over yonder must be Apollo; and I reckon that twinkling little fellow must be Hermes — he looks light on his feet. And there — there is Pallas Athena!"

He stopped his speculating abruptly. "I wonder if she would be up on the Acropolis to-night?"

The thought destroyed the serenity which a hard day's work and a good dinner had given him.

Quickly he came in from the balcony, descended the stairs, and taking his hat from the rack, started for the Acropolis. He had been there so often since the first night that he believed he could find his way blindfolded. The director of the American Archæological School, with whom he had gone up one Sunday morning, had introduced him to the dark-eyed Greek, who with his little family lived in the tiny house just inside the iron gates. Peabody had won over the gate-keeper by making friends with his four-year-old daughter, Xanthippe, and his infant son, Aristophanes. A signal had been arranged, and Elihu no longer had to climb the iron gates when he wished to visit the Acropolis after closing time.

On reaching the gate, he whistled, and Megacles appeared, in *deshabille*.

"Good evening, Megacles."

"Welcome to you, *kyrie*."

They shook hands.

"How many of the gods are up here to-night?" the American asked.

Sadly Megacles shook his head. "None, I am afraid, sir. The gods are angry with us. But Pallas Athena must be praying to her father, and who knows what she may accomplish. She has

always managed to come to the rescue of her beloved city. Greece cannot perish."

"No, she cannot perish!" the American echoed.

"America won't let her, will she?" Megacles asked earnestly.

"America will not let Hellas perish!"

Comforted, the Greek entered his diminutive house, and Elihu mounted the steep steps to the Propylaea, imagining himself an ancient Athenian, hastening to a war meeting on the Acropolis to discuss ways and means of defending the city. The Persian hordes were coming nearer. Several Greek colonies had already fallen to the conqueror. They must send heralds to Sparta, their hereditary foe and ally, and see if she was willing to make common cause with them. Ah! if the Greeks were only not always fighting among themselves, no outside foe could prevail.

To-day, also, the Greeks were divided, and there were black hours for Hellas.

Elihu reached the Propylaea, and peered eagerly behind every column in hopes that in its deeper shadow he might find her he sought. Then as if from nowhere, Spiro Millioti rose and greeted him.

"Good evening, *Kyrie Americane*."

"How do you do, Spiro? Is your mistress here?"

Elihu had practised the sentence in Greek till it fairly tripped from his tongue, and he was rewarded by Spiro's compliments. Then seeing her coming toward them, he hastened to meet her.

"All hail to thee, defending goddess of Athens." He gave in Greek the stately greeting due Pallas Athena.

"So you are coming into your own at last. The Greek language suits you better than any other, Mr. Elihu Pea-body."

"Things must have been going better down there lately," Elihu remarked. "You have not had to seek consolation up here with the past for an eon of time. — I have worn holes in the marble looking for you. Or have you by any chance been up on Mount Olympus to intercede with your father? Megacles just suggested that Pallas Athena had been thus employed."

The girl shook her head. "Matters down there have been pretty black, Mr. Peabody. I don't know what is going to become of this little country." She pointed toward Keratsine, beyond the Piraeus. "Down there are the warships, on which the ambassadors of the Great Powers are living; and there, and there, are the prisons where for forty-five days two hundred and fifty of the leading citizens

of Athens were kept among felons because they were on the side of the Allies. Can you conceive such a state of affairs? Think for a moment what that means. All the real leaders of this country were taken from their homes by the king's party, in defiance of their constitutional rights; they were beaten in the streets and thrown into the filth of the Athenian prisons. And France, England, and Russia, who guarantee the Constitution of Greece — well, I will not say their ambassadors ran away, because ambassadors never run away; but they hastily left their comfortable homes here in Athens and — what is the curious word you Americans use? — skeedaddled with their wives and children to the protection of their warships in Keratsine. And yet you will find English and French here who sneer at the people and call them cowards, because they do not revolt and dethrone the king. To revolt, a people must have leaders and arms. They had no arms, and their leaders were in prison; and when the Entente, after forty-five days, plucked up courage to demand their release, it was made impossible for them to stay here."

The girl crossed her hands on her breast. "Mr. Peabody, this is as dark an hour for Europe as when Hellas was fighting the Persian hordes on the East,

the Carthaginians and Etruscans on the west. Because then they were victorious, Europe was saved. Europe will be saved once more, I have no doubt of that; and out of this struggle will emerge a better civilisation, as it did then; but it is hard, just now, to see Hellas lie so low, while the world is fighting to preserve its freedom. She ought to be in the forefront. It is her privilege and her birthright."

As if unable to contain herself longer, the girl began to pace up and down the ancient temple of Greece, while Spiro was lost in its shadows. Elihu walked with her. He said nothing, he only watched her, infinitely sympathizing with her, yet unable to say a word to console her. She seemed closer to him than she had been the first night that they were on the Acropolis together, although he knew her thoughts were far from him. Presently he remarked irrelevantly:

"I have been studying Greek every chance I had, and it won't be long before you will not have to translate quotations to me. But tell me where *do* you keep yourself in the daytime? I have scanned the streets and scanned the sky without finding any trace of you. To-night I thought I recognised you among the stars, up with Zeus and Hera. It was the nearest I had come to seeing you."

"I have been away. Since we met I have been trying to find out for myself where my people stand in regard to — to the political situation here."

"Do you know," he volunteered, "in spite of knowing the language so little, I have a feeling that the people in general would like to fight on the side of the Allies."

"You see that, don't you?" she demanded earnestly. "They are not cowards, my people. They would have fought willingly from the very beginning, but — Ah! Monsieur Peabody, what the Greek people have suffered since 1765 the world has never known." She raised an accusatory finger. "And never, never have they been what I should call really helped by the Great Powers, simply because the conscience of Europe was drowned in a mess of intrigues of an unscrupulous diplomacy. You have undoubtedly heard that all the Balkans were a cut-throat lot, forever fighting among themselves. Had the so-called great 'Christian' powers kept their intrigues and their political scheming out of the Balkans, we should have achieved peace among ourselves. Just look around and see who are the ostensible or real rulers of these people. They are not men of their own choosing. They are mostly foreigners — the agents of this or that power. Ger-

many has trafficked in kings and queens: it has been a part of her peaceful penetration. Her sons and daughters have gone forth obedient to her commands, while the ministers and secret agents of other powers have been engaged in a counter-game. Had so-called civilised Europe really tried to help these little nations, the world would not be fighting to-day. Do you know, monsieur, that after her nine years' bloody revolt, in 1829, when Greece became independent, the great Christian powers took two-thirds of the territory in revolt and handed it back to Turkey, and this two-thirds was the richest part of the country? What remained was little more than bare rocks, because it was Russia's object to show that Hellenism had no vitality, and could not live."

"But what object could Russia have in that?"

"For two hundred years Russia has wanted Constantinople, the birthright of the Greeks, and to remove one possible obstacle, Greece must die. Ah! monsieur, for the last three years I have been studying abroad, because it was the plan of my guardian. I have met and known many of the so-called great men of Europe. 'Great!'" she sneered. "To be great, one must have vision. To be great, one must have a sense of justice. To be great, one

must sense the brotherhood of man. Few of those so-called great men even know what justice and kindness mean. As for the rights of the little nations, — you remember that French play, where someone begins to argue with an arrogant rich man by saying: ‘The rights of the poor — ’ and is interrupted by the latter with: ‘To begin with, the poor *have* no rights.’ It has been that way with the little nations. Their rights have never been considered, except when they were invoked by some big nation as a pretext for some spoliation of its own. God in His wrath has at last struck all of the great nations, and after this war they will *have* to consider the smaller nations if they themselves wish to survive. And do you know through whom God is working? It is through your great republic.”

“Where do you see that, mademoiselle? My great republic has only been making literature, and money, since the war began ”

“I can see how you feel that way — now. But you will be in, and when you come in, it will be the salvation of Europe.”

“Europe will be in ashes.”

“That will be the right time.”

“Do you mean to say that the time for us to come in is after the treasure of Europe is utterly spent?”

"Are you not placing the treasure of Europe above the brotherhood of man?"

"I don't understand. You speak in riddles."

"Supposing that France, England, and Russia had been victorious in the first two years of the war, and had decisively defeated Germany. What would have happened? Those three nations, with Italy eagerly following in their wake, would have divided among themselves the spoils of the war, with as much disregard for the rights of the little nations, with as much disregard for justice, for humanity, and for a lasting peace, as has been done in all other European wars. Look back for the last two hundred years, and examine every treaty made after a war. Every one of them contained the seed for a new war, and had our friends easily defeated Germany, the conference that would have settled things would have been based on exactly the same principles as those of previous conferences. Immediately thereafter there would have been formed new groupings, and new underground plans would have been prepared for the fighting of an immense Russia. And do not be deceived, Monsieur Peabody: unless Russia has an internal disorganisation, she will have to be fought by the rest of Europe."

"You certainly have a new point of view."

"It isn't new in Europe. Do you know that actually, during the first year of the war, I heard diplomats talking of the re-groupings that would follow the war?"

"What a lot you know about European politics."

"My great-grandfather, who brought me up, knew intimately the men who represented Turkey in the making of the Treaty of Berlin — which caused the present war. You remember that at that time Bismarck professed to be entirely disinterested in the provisions of the treaty, and declared he was merely 'an honest broker,' dealing for his friends. In reality he was neither honest nor disinterested. Secretly he obtained, as a bribe from Turkey, the concession for the Bagdad railway, — and the rest of the men who signed the treaty of Berlin were exactly as honest as he. They placed Bosnia and Herzegovina under the tutelage of Austria with the deliberate intention of having the next war take place between Austria and Russia. Their calculations have not come out right, and the youths of the world are giving their limbs, their eyes, their lives as a result. Let us see that this time they do not die in vain. Let this great sacrifice of theirs become the purification of old Europe. She needs blood-letting — blood-letting to the very

heart, to be purified. That is why I am glad that you Americans did not come in to save her earlier. Come you must; but let it be when she is gasping. Then you will be in a position to talk, and she will have to listen to you. Let them all be bankrupt, so that none of them will benefit by this war. And because you will be present in the last conference, and because your voice will be the voice of the saviour, it will be heard. The European nations will not be allowed to appropriate lands whose inhabitants desire self-government. For the first time the Balkans will get their chance and be freed from the fatal influence of the great powers, because your nation will declare that no one of the powers shall be allowed to occupy a foot of Balkan land."

"You speak, mademoiselle, as if it would be easy for the Balkan nations to come to an understanding among themselves. I have always understood that the difficulties were insurmountable."

"They were, so long as any of the great powers were egging them on, the one against the other. I believe that the able men of Greece, Serbia, and Bulgaria — and there are able men in those countries — can by themselves arrive at a satisfactory solution. I do not pretend to say that Albania is

not going to be a great difficulty; but she must not come under the protectorate of any European power. If she does, there will be no permanent peace in the Balkans. If one of the large powers should occupy Albania — or any part of it — she would use it to set Albania against the rest of the Balkans, in order to keep them in a ferment, and have an excuse to further her own political ambitions. This method has been followed for centuries. The excuse must no longer be furnished them. And your country, monsieur, is the only one who can demand this from the victors, and receive it — unless your representatives are tricked by the European politicians, and forced into compromises. If that is done, this will not be the last war, nor the greatest. The one to come will be still more devastating, and may carry down the civilisation of the world with it.”

“You haven’t any confidence in the European nations, have you, mademoiselle?”

“Not in the majority of their leaders. I have seen many of them, the last three years, and the only men I met possessed of vision and idealism were your own countrymen. That is another reason why I love your country, Mr. Peabody. To me it is like the grandchild of a noble and impoverished family, who went forth to distant lands

and made a fortune, then returned to his home to help his family to rise. Europe is the family, and her poverty is moral, not material. You have no idea into what a depth of degradation diplomatic Europe has fallen. There is nothing sacred, nothing noble in the foreign policy of any European nation. Each one is ready to sacrifice not only the rights but the very existence of the weaker nations, if it will be of any gain. Yet the governments do not represent the feelings of the people — certainly not of France and England; for the French people are chivalrous, and the English people love fair play.”

“It seems to me, mademoiselle, as if it would be impossible to avoid wars.”

Abruptly the girl turned toward him, and her gloved hand was laid on his arm, nor did she realize what her touch meant to the man beside her.

“So long as you believe that wars are unavoidable, so long shall we have wars.”

When he answered her his voice was shaken with emotion. How shall a man speak of the frivolities of politics and war when he is longing to take a girl in his arms and speak of the eternal verities of love? Yet he knew that this was not the time for the words he wished to say, so, somewhat vaguely, he answered:

"That is Christian Science, mademoiselle. It will not work in the adjustment of national difficulties."

The touch of her fingers on his arm relaxed, and by the light of the deep blue Attic sky he could see that he had pained her.

"You are disappointed in me," he said sorrowfully; "but even under the glamour of your great past — even to gain your approbation — I cannot agree to what seems to me impossible."

There was a scarcely perceptible movement of her head in dissent, though she did not argue the point further with him. Standing there in the light breeze which came to them from Aegina, it was as if a flower was swaying on its stem.

Elihu Peabody was only twenty-seven years old, and as clean physically as he was mentally. For the first time in his life he loved a woman, and his love was that of the boy and the man in one. It possessed him to-night so completely that he had to laugh as the thought flitted through his mind that he had ever considered diplomacy or any other matter worthy of his serious attention. There come these times to all men worthy of the name. Perhaps it is fortunate for the business of the world that the mood does not endure for ever — or perhaps

man has not yet reached the point where he can live on so rarefied a plane.

To-night, what mattered kings, or emperors, or nations, or the cold, academic idea of the brotherhood of man? Brotherhood nor sisterhood was for him when the vital pulsations of love thrilled him. To-night there reigned one god only — the son of Aphrodite. And with it all, it was denied him to plead a word of love. A sure instinct warned him to stick to the prattle about national and political injustices, when there could only be one injustice on earth — that which would deny her to him.

And yet Elihu's love for her was so all-embracing that it demanded her mind and her soul as well as her enchanting womanhood. He felt that she already liked him. There was no pretence about her, as there was no coquetry. Super-educated as was her brain, the woman in her was unaffected and unspoiled. He knew that her emotions were not yet awakened, and he wanted to be the man to make her heart feel, as to-day her brain was feeling. So he held back the words of love that his heart was prompting him to say, and listened to the words she was saying.

"What do they say of my people in your country, Mr. Peabody?"

"As soon as I finished my studies, my father wanted me to travel. The war was declared while I was in Russia, and I have been in the Far East most of the time since. I can only judge by what I saw during the short time I was in Washington before coming here. It was the general impression that the Greek people had sided with their king, and had refused to honor their treaty obligations."

"They say that," the girl cried, "when two weeks after the war began, and while the German hordes were still marching victoriously on Paris, we definitely offered to enter the war on the Entente side."

"Is that really so?"

"It is a simple historical fact. You can see the telegrams which France, England, and Russia sent in reply, thanking Greece for her offer, and asking her to remain neutral."

For a minute or two the girl walked up and down in silence.

"You cannot imagine the effect those telegrams had on the Greek people," she resumed. "They were emerging from two wars in which most Greek families had lost one or more men; yet so intensely were they on the side of France and England, that they wanted to plunge into war again to help them."

. . . And then their offer was spurned. Those telegrams were not only a slap in the face of Hellas, — the worst thing about them was that they opened the way for German propaganda.”

“But why did the Allies refuse their offer?”

“Intrigues! Russia wanted the Greeks to have no chance of winning back Constantinople, which Greece had founded. Later, Italy complicated the situation. She had to be purchased. She wants the twelve Greek islands which she has occupied since the Tripolitan war. Besides that, she wishes to make Italian a portion of Albania which is purely Greek in population and sympathy, and whence some of our greatest Greeks have come. The ‘Nationalist’ party in Italy is quite as imperialistic as Germany herself. It aspires not only to the hegemony of the Adriatic, but to that of the Eastern Mediterranean, and for this, Greece must be kept small and weak. Had Greece entered the war on the side of the Allies, she would have contributed to the defeat of Turkey, and all the Greek colonies in Asia Minor would have been united with her. She would have emerged from the war nearly as large as Italy herself.”

“I see!” said Elihu thoughtfully.

“You must not think I blame France and Eng-

land — much," the girl went on eagerly. "Their very existence was at stake. From the beginning they had first to consider imperialistic Russia, and afterwards imperialistic Italy. Greece, of necessity, was less important to them. But that is where they made a mistake: Greece is really very important, owing to her geographical position."

"Then you do not think that King Constantine played the despicable role the world credits him with?"

The girl's face became sphinx-like. Once more she looked like a priestess of ancient times: the oracle whose answer had two meanings.

"The king was popular," she answered. "He had acquired the reputation of being a great general."

Of all the nations none is more direct than the American. Plain dealing and plain speaking is their attribute, and Elihu Peabody was an American of the best.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "the world considers King Constantine a traitor. Is he, or is he not?"

She hesitated. Her reply, when it came, surprised him.

"Do you play bridge, Monsieur Peabody?"

"Yes."

"Then you will understand my simile. When

the war was declared, so far as Greece was concerned, France and England held most of the trumps against Germany and Austria. The only hope Germany and Austria had was that France and England might play their cards very badly. France and England did not take the game in Greece seriously. One after another they let several trumps fall, and King Constantine, who was looking on, picked them up.” ‘

For a minute she again paced up and down over the ancient marbles. It was Elihu who broke the silence.

“Mademoiselle, I like the Greek people, and I should be glad to help them. They stand badly before the world, and especially badly before the Americans. It is hard for us to forgive a man, or a nation, who deserts a pal in danger, — and that is how we feel about them, to put it bluntly. If we have been unjust to them, I should like to help set them right. As a diplomat, of course, I can say nothing, but I can pass the truth on. You said yourself that America will have to come into the war, and that her voice will be listened to in the final settlement. To speak with authority we must be well informed. Tell me all that took place here.”

“Your minister, I believe, is well informed, con-

sequently your Foreign Office must be; but every added person who learns the truth is a help in the great future settlement of affairs. The Royalist party is unobtrusively trying to win you. They are anxious to reach America through you, because they feel that your minister has judged them and condemned them."

"You are not a Royalist, mademoiselle."

"I am a daughter of Hellas. My family has always served the honor and interest of Greece."

"And the honor and interest of Greece lie in which camp?"

"I told you that Greece offered herself, without bargaining, to the Allies, and that they thanked her and asked her to remain neutral. A trump fell from their hands then, and, as I said before, King Constantine picked it up."

"And handed it to Germany?"

"No, not then. He was popular, and he worshipped popularity. He was thought by his people to be a great general, and he wanted to live in that glory. On the other hand, he was one of the few men to whom Germany had shown all her preparations — and he was afraid of her. Yet he felt that the Greeks were on the side of the Allies, so when the Allies carelessly dropped their trump, he picked

it up — and kept on watching the game. His majesty is not a great man, but neither is he a stupid man, as some would like to have you believe. He is by nature an autocrat of the most uncompromising type, and he hates the Constitution of Greece, which places the Prime Minister on an equality with him. He cares little whether Greece is honorable or big; what he cares for is his own personal position and his own personal power. Had the Allies played their game down here wisely, Constantine would have gone with them, because he would have been afraid to risk his own position. He was glad when they did not play their game well. He was on the alert for everything that would conduce to his own benefit, and not only did he pick up the trumps as the Allies dropped them, but gradually he managed to steal some out of their hands. He favored Germany mainly because Germany would help him to become an absolute monarch, the one thing he desired above all else. It is my personal belief that he never meant to fight on the side of Germany, but his neutrality was of such great assistance to Germany that he expected a reward. He hoped to maintain his popularity among the Greek people, run no danger of losing his reputation as a general, and gradually ruin Mr Venizelos — as his father

ruined the great Tricoupis — and himself usurp the power from the people. It was only later, when things became too hot for him, that he handed the trumps to Germany."

"Then is the game lost to the Allies in Greece?"

"No, they are still holding the ace and king of trumps, and what is most important, they are beginning to realize that they ought to have paid more attention to their game. It all depends on how they will use the ace of trumps, which is Mr. Venizelos, and the king of trumps, which is the Greek people. In spite of all their blunders, in spite of all their injustice, the king of trumps can still do wonders for them. Mr. Peabody, each race has a gift: that of the Greeks is gratitude, and they have an inborn feeling of gratitude toward France and England. To them France is a sister. Intellectually and temperamentally they are one with her. For England they have the love a child has toward a great lady whom it wishes to imitate. Now France and England have ill-used them, and they are smarting under the injustice; but let France and England turn about and acknowledge their mistakes, and you will have the Greek people once more eager to fight on their side. We are now in February, 1917. If we are going to win this war

we must make a big offensive here, right here in the Balkans, and Greece must be with us body and soul, and when your country comes in, the spirit of the Greek people cannot help being on your side.

“Do you know what it was enabled King Constantine to form a party of his own against Mr. Venizelos? It was the secret treaty which France and England signed with Italy to bribe her to come into the war. By it, Hellenic interests, peoples, and lands were given to Italy. That treaty was signed on April 26, 1915, and by the middle of May a copy of it was in the hands of King Constantine. Mr. Venizelos saw it also, but he only said: ‘In spite of this, we must do what is right; for right will breed right.’ It was then that King Constantine and the Queen hinted to those they wished to make their adherents that this attitude of Mr. Venizelos was not due to any greatness of soul, but to the fact that he was bought by France and England and was amassing a fortune for himself. The shame of my country is that there should have been Greeks to believe such lies. Mr. Venizelos felt that France and England did what a drowning man would do, and that the most important thing was to beat Germany first, and talk of personal interests afterwards. Being a man of vision he not only felt morally certain

that after the war France and England would do what was just toward Greece, but he also believed that by appealing to that party in Italy which is headed by the fair and clear-sighted Bissolati, he might induce the Italian people to realize that — as they had been helped by France to gain their freedom from Austria — so they ought to help others to gain freedom, instead of trying to enslave them. You see, Mr. Venizelos believes the brotherhood of nations to be a possibility, and in spite of the conduct of Bulgaria — both after the first Balkan war and in the present one — he has never given up hope of forming a Balkan confederation, in which a free Albania should be included. He knows that the salvation of this peninsula lies in the knitting together of the various peoples who inhabit it. That is why, after the second Balkan war, when the intrigues of Austria and Italy cheated poor Serbia out of a port on the Adriatic, he gave her free passage through Salonica for fifty years. That was one reason why he tried to buy Bulgaria's neutrality in the present war with three rich Greek provinces; for had she staid out of the war, it would have been much easier to form the Balkan League afterwards. Such a Confederation has been a dream of the Greeks for years. Tricoupis, the first

modern great Greek statesman, worked for it, and Stambouloff, the greatest of the Bulgarians, was entirely with him. But a confederation of free Balkan peoples did not suit the autocrats at all — and King Ferdinand had Stambouloff assassinated in the streets of Sophia. Ferdinand systematically taught his people to hate the Greeks — as Germany taught her people hatred of the English. Autocratic rulers, with their own ambitions, have to instill hatred into their people first, so that they may go whole-heartedly into wars of aggression. Given friendly, united people on this peninsula and it will be veritable Garden of Eden. They will have the Black Sea, the Aegean, the Adriatic, and the Danube River; they will have lands fertile and rich in minerals, seasoned by a wonderful climate, and peopled by industrious, sober, and intelligent inhabitants. Give them peace, Mr. Peabody, by keeping every single European nation out of this peninsula, and their difficulties will solve themselves. And *that* is the task of *your* country. America must insist that Albania is not made the excuse for any European nation getting a foothold in the Balkans."

"You are beginning to convince me, mademoiselle."

She smiled. "Then we are on the road to success."

"But I cannot learn it all at once," he argued guilefully. "I need many lessons."

"Ah! I shall be so glad if I can teach you anything," she exclaimed eagerly.

"Nineteen days elapsed between my first and my second lesson," he pointed out. "How long shall I have to wait for the third? Don't let me have to wait for chance encounters. Why can I not call on you? Suppose our minister's wife were to bring me to call on you and your mother. That would be quite in order in Greece, would it not?"

"Some day you will be invited to come; but not just yet."

"Why not?" he persisted.

In spite of the girl's absorption in the weighty political matters of which she had been speaking, there was a mischievous imp in her which peeped forth:

"I have only seen you by the light of the moon and the stars. I do not feel quite sure, yet, that you are a real person who exists by the light of the sun."

CHAPTER VII

FOR the third time Elihu Peabody untied his cravat, pulled it from his collar, and put it aside as unworthy: a fourth he finally passed. With the same care he chose a pin. "I act like a girl going to her first ball," he muttered, "and why I should feel morally certain she will be there I don't know. Wilkes told me all the high-life Royalists would be at the tea; but I don't even know she is a Royalist. She certainly doesn't talk much like one."

When he was ready at last, he called to Panaghioti, his invaluable Greek man, and asked if the carriage was there.

"Certainly, *kyrie*, with two horses. *If* he had come with only one I should have sent him back; and I told Heracles to wear his best, since you were to go to tea at the Mavromichalises. Most of the princes are sure to be there."

"Panaghioti, I believe you are a Royalist. Odd you never told me where you stood politically. You are the only Greek in Athens who hasn't."

"When I know where you stand, *Kyrie Americane*, I will tell you."

"I am neutral, of course."

Incredulously Panaghioti shook his head. "Your country is neutral, I know; but does that prevent you from taking sides here?"

The conversation had been carried on in Greek: haltingly on the part of the American; slowly and clearly enunciated on the part of the other. Panaghioti was determined that the young master should learn "the language of the immortals" correctly. He was of the best type of Greek servitor, who performed his tasks with immense pride, and never considered himself in any way inferior because of his station in life. Moreover he liked the American, whose looks delighted his aesthetic sense.

He now surveyed Elihu. "I wish they would have a pageant here," he remarked thoughtfully. "I should like to see you as Achilles, for you might have been created by Praxiteles himself."

"Wish me good luck to-day, Panaghioti."

"I wish it to you, *kyrie*, but you are born with it."

"Do you think so?"

"Yes, I think so: luck is your twin brother."

In the carriage, looking up at the back of Panaghioti, who in his very best was seated next the

coachman, Elihu repeated to himself, "Luck is your twin brother." Panaghioti was a picturesque beggar, and he was right, too — except for Elihu's loss of his mother. On her his memory lingered for the rest of the drive to the tea. How much more would he now enjoy this country if she were with him, or even if he were writing to her about it. It was she who had given him his love for Greece, she who had initiated him into Plutarch's *Lives* and Plato's *Republic*, when he had been a lad.

At the Mavromichalises' entrance the two doors were thrown open, English fashion, by two liveried servants, while another one — Athenian fashion — dusted his shoes with a small feather duster. Their spacious marble halls are the most noticeable feature of Athenian houses, and that of the Mavromichalises was unusually attractive. It was filled, when Elihu arrived, with a buzzing crowd of people. The hostess, a graceful, plump woman of forty-five, stood at the entrance of the reception room and greeted him cordially. She had two young daughters, well endowed both by nature and with the world's goods. What more natural than that she should feel kindly toward the tall, handsome American? The only black thought was that he might decide to live in America, which was so very far

away from the world; but since both her daughters liked Elihu, with whom they played tennis, she sighed and accepted the possibilities. Every Greek woman by nature is a match-maker.

In her precise English she said to him: "It is odd that in these sad days we should be giving teas." Her eyes were moist. "You must remain with us long enough, Mr. Peabody, to see us a united nation again, and happy, under our blue and golden skies."

Undoubtedly Elihu was a favorite. The way the Greeks shook hands with him, and nursed his Greek along, made their liking apparent. A young girl, as she gave him her hand, said smiling:

"What do you think, Mr. Peabody, I am re-reading the history of my country. I will not have you catching me again with questions I cannot answer."

Presently a touch on his arm attracted Elihu's attention, and he turned to find his hostess, with a distinguished-looking man, whose head resembled the bust of Themistocles.

"Dr. Kastriotis wishes to meet you," she said. "He has just come back from Turkey, and has much information that you will find interesting."

They talked of conditions in Constantinople,

and of Mr. Morgenthau's valuable services there to all the Christians, during the first two years of the war; yet it seemed to the American that instead of wishing to impart information with the usual volubility of the Greek, Dr. Kastriotis was more intent on studying him. He supposed it was on account of his position in the Legation.

Suddenly a wave of silence swept over all the people, and they fell back to right and to left, leaving the centre of the room empty, as two of the brothers of the king, and his oldest son came in.

Like a wheatfield in a breeze the whole assembly swayed, the men bowing low, the women courtesying to their royal highnesses. Graciously the latter went about the room and shook hands with every one. They had hardly finished when the footman announced:

“Kyria Artemis Byzas.”

Elihu was very little surprised—it seemed a fitting climax to royalty itself—that there should enter now she whom he always thought of as his Pallas Athena. It was a fanciful idea, he told himself, this deification of what after all was only a young girl, like any other. Yet surely there was something different about her from other girls. She could not be a mere mortal: the way she car-

ried her head made him think of a banner — of Joan of Arc leading her armies to victory. Her manner was quiet and modest, yet it seemed to him that if divine right ever showed in a person it showed in her.

Elihu stood smilingly watching her as she shook hands with her hostess, watched her while the princes came up and kissed her proffered hand. It all seemed so eminently suitable — just as it inevitably must be — that he was not even impatient to be formally introduced to her. What could they say to each other, here in this crowded drawing-room — they who had talked together beneath the stars of the Acropolis?

It was Madame Mavromichalis who at length introduced Elihu to the young girl. "This is the new secretary of the American Legation, Mr. Elihu Peabody, and a friend of our party, we hope — Mademoiselle Artemis Byzas."

The ghost of her whimsical smile hovered over Artemis's lips, as she bowed formally to Elihu. Before they had time to speak, an old ex-prime minister bustled up, greeted her effusively, and swept her attention away from the tall American.

Elihu was left alone with his hostess. In a confidential under-whisper she explained: "She is our

future queen. She would have been married to the *Diadoque* already but for these sad and unsettled days."

Madame Mavromichalis noticed nothing unusual in the bearing of her American friend. He stood very still for a minute, and let her talk on without comment; but then he often stood still, and was never a great talker, according to Greek standards.

And yet the world — his beautiful world — had been rent asunder. He had been dealt a blow which momentarily stunned him: which crushed his life as with a black mace. One who knew him well would have discerned haggard lines in his face which had never been there before. The casual observer would not have seen them; and the monosyllabic replies with which presently he made shift to answer were quite enough to keep alive a one-sided afternoon-tea conversation.

In truth what had happened to him? A word had been spoken: a few vibrations had reached his ear — vibrations so faint they had not carried across the room. The beasts of the field howl all night long, and all the noise they make is nothing to one snap of their jaws. Man, civilized, no longer howls: his words are soft-spoken, a mere rustle of sound.

Yet no howl of beast, not even the cannon's roar, can be so deadly as his spoken word. Words speak the sentence of death, or of war, or of liberation: and the few words of Madame Mavromichalis meant more to Elihu than all he had ever heard or seen before in all his life.

The minutes — or the hours — that Elihu spent at the tea after this became to him an indistinct jumble, in which only one person was clear. The Crown Prince, destined husband of his Pallas Athena, stood out from the hazy mass of other people as if a spot-light were playing on him. A medium-sized young man, he was of about Elihu's own age; with average-colored hair, and ordinary eyes. He was not bad-looking; rather of the "college boy" type, such as our institutions turn out by the thousands every June; one whom you would expect to play a mediocre game of tennis, to yell vociferously from the side lines at athletic games, and then to settle into the business which his father, or circumstances, presented, and lead a good, useful, limited life for the rest of his days.

Vaguely Elihu wondered if the *Diadoque* were aware of his mediocrity. Probably not. A king-to-be would have to be an extraordinary man to appreciate that he was ordinary, that he belonged

in the ruck. A commoner finds it difficult enough to believe it of himself: it would hardly be in human nature for a royal highness to show a discernment so unpleasant to his self-love.

This commonplace young Dane, with a German mother, was the man who was to marry his Pallas Athena. Was he worthy of her? Could it be possible she cared for him?

Miraculously endowed with the keenness of a hundred judges, he scanned his face, and saw past it into the heart and the soul of the young autocrat, German-trained and almost German-minded — and made a curious discovery. The *Diadoque* was unhappy. Trained though he was for public appearance, and used to withstand the searching gaze of a hundred eyes without betraying his feelings, it was clear to the love-endowed vision of the American that the prince was in love with Artemis — and doubted. On his part this was no “arranged marriage,” and being in love stole from him the assurance of his rank, and gave him instead the lover’s sense of unworthiness, the doubt of his ability to make her return his love. After his first greeting to Artemis, when he had spoken with her for a few minutes apart — royalty does not need to seek seclusion for private conversation, since seclusion

surrounds it wherever it is — he had studiously avoided watching her; yet in his rare glances toward her, Elihu caught a look which betrayed him — the look of the young man who yearns for a certain girl — and fears — and fears. It sent a most unexpected thrill of sympathy through the American for this man, apparently placed above the envy of ordinary mortals, to find that he, too, longed for something beyond his reach, though within it.

The spot-light upon the Crown Prince suddenly shifted to Artemis Byzas, and Elihu tried to read her, as he had read her lover; but the curiously impersonal manner of the girl baffled him completely. On the surface she appeared as indifferent to the presence of her royal suitor as the latter was to the searching glance of the American. Her manner gave Elihu a bitter-sweet pang. Yet it could not really be indifference on her part: no one could be indifferent to a throne, even though of like or dislike there was no sign that he could read.

And then, as if to add a last sardonic touch to Elihu's unhappiness, there flashed inconsequentially into his mind Panaghioti's phrase, "Luck is your twin brother!" Yes, so it had seemed a short hour ago, and now —

He turned back to the *Diadoque*. Undoubtedly

he was a likeable fellow — and he could make her Queen of her race. That was a great deal — Queen of her race! Well might her manner be regal, she who was chosen to fill a throne. A sickening feeling of utter impotence came over him. Death would not have been a more insuperable bar between them. He felt as he had on the day when his father had put his arm around his shoulder and said: “She has gone from us, son. Let us be men and bear it.” He could do nothing then: could he do more to-day? As implacable as death itself are the social laws. As implacable, and neither throbbing brain nor aching heart was excuse for not conversing at an afternoon tea; and so, mechanically, he answered questions, and asked them, or made polite ejaculations of assent.

Then the Crown Prince, who had been speaking affably with one person and another around the room, turned to Elihu, and he found himself with some animation discussing sports, the number of motor cars manufactured in America, the price of gasolene in Athens, and even touching on the war. Plump, good-natured Prince Christopher joined them later, and speculated about the nearness of the trans-Atlantic aeroplane.

The haziness of the room had gone for Elihu, and

out of the corners of his eyes he watched the Greeks coming up one after the other to talk with the girl whom they already treated as almost their queen, and who unmistakably was their favorite. Soon after this the princes took their departure. It was not etiquette for any one else to go away before them, but as soon as they were gone Elihu went too, fearing lest he might have to speak to Artemis. Outside the house, standing on the step of a carriage, was Panaghioti, reading from a paper to Spiro Millioti and an attentive group of Greeks. On seeing Elihu, Panaghioti stopped. "It will keep," he said to his listeners; "here is my master." To Elihu: "I was reading my latest poem on Venizelos and the king."

"Don't disturb yourself," Elihu said. "I am going for a long walk, and shall not need you."

In spite of his thin patent leather shoes he made straight for the bare back of Mount Hymettus, at this hour indeed violet-crowned. Only hard, swift exercise could assuage the tumult in his heart and brain. Hour after hour he kept on, turning up any road that seemed to lead toward the hard grey rocks of the mountains, and away from the cold, marble city behind. He needed the mountain to match the hard greyness of his life. He passed

many herds of goats returning from these same bare mountains, where in some miraculous way they managed to find sustenance. He passed many little houses, where the children stopped in their play to stare at him open-eyed and open-mouthed.

The half lights went, and darkness came before Elihu found himself again in Athens. He did not know when he had turned back. Probably he had covered a huge circle in his wanderings. Now he found himself at the foot of Philopapas Hill, where the Royalists had ambushed their cannon against the Allies on the first of December. Dully he thought that he had never climbed it, and turned and made for the summit. At the top he came upon Artemis Byzas, seated on a stone, her elbow on her knee, and her chin in her palm. Spiro Milhoti was stretched at her feet like a great St. Bernard dog. He sprang up and saluted. The girl simply nodded, without speaking, as if it were the most natural thing in the world to see Elihu there.

"What brings you up here, Mr. Peabody?" she asked casually.

"I—I don't know. I was walking. I had never been up here before."

An unreasoning anger against Spiro seized him. He wanted to kick him out of the way. Now that

they were here together, they must be alone. He fabricated an excuse.

"Can one see the Acropolis from Philopapas, in this light? But we can't tell from here? Won't you come with me over to the other side, please?"

Artemis rose and went with him. She halted beside a tall up-jutting rock.

"You left the Mavromichalises very early this afternoon."

"I should have gone away earlier if etiquette had permitted me to do so before royalty."

"Did you not enjoy yourself?"

Impetuously he turned to her: "This afternoon for the first time I found out who you were — and what you were to be. I don't suppose it ever occurred to you that when I should find this out, I should suffer. From the minute I met you, you became the one woman in the world for me, and now — " He turned bitterly away from her.

Artemis stood quite still, her eyes upon the Acropolis, which arose dimly above the city, like a dream creation. Men had been in love with her before, and had told her so, but she had regarded their declarations like impersonal rhapsodies addressed to a statue — so far beyond the reach of men had she always considered herself.

No one had ever spoken to her in the unmeasured passionate tones of Elihu, and none before had ever made her feel uneasy, guilty almost. Words seemed suddenly denied her to justify herself.

Imperiously Elihu demanded of her: "Do you love him, or is it the desire to be a queen?"

The startled look of the girl recalled him to himself.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I have no right to ask you such a question — I, who until a few hours ago did not even know your name. Only don't you see that the thought of you has possessed me ever since the first minute I met you, till you have become part of my blood and brain? Tell me, do you love him?"

"Mr. Peabody, this marriage is for the sake of my race. I must make it."

"Good God! you are not marrying to please your race, are you?"

"Yes. Of course. My people are anxious to have a Greek woman for their queen. For certain reasons I have been chosen. If I refuse, they lose this chance, and foreign women once more will be put over them."

"But haven't *you* any feelings in the matter?"

"The thought of me must not occupy me. My

family has always served the Greek race. My turn has come. My part must be fulfilled."

"I suppose being a queen has no weight in your decision?"

She stared at him, and he felt his own face flush with shame. Almost like a child he said:

"I am suffering, and I am trying to hurt you. I feel cut to pieces, and bleeding, and aching. You don't know what you are to me, because I don't suppose you know what love is. You are so impersonal, so — so academic. To you everything is swallowed up in the welfare of your race, and you can't know that love is fire — fire which consumes and tortures you."

He paused, and then in the translucent darkness she saw him throw back his head and square his shoulders.

"But I am not going to let you go. I have had you so much my own that I am not going to give you up."

She made no reply to this, and changing tone once more he implored:

"Must you marry him?"

"Mr. Peabody, you have obligations. There are traditions in your family that must be upheld. We individuals do not count when it comes to traditions."

"In our new world we believe in personal freedom. The traditions in my family have been that our banking business should go on from father to son, as it has for so long. I didn't want to go into the banking business, and I didn't."

"Perhaps your other brothers can do it. In my family there is no one else. I am the last of the Byzas."

"I have no brothers."

"And your father, does he not care? Does he not demand that you should do it?"

"He cares, of course, but he does not demand it. We don't believe in that in the new world."

"If you violate the traditions of the past, how can you prepare for the future? You will become a traditionless race, and live only for the present."

"We are free agents," he answered doggedly. "Our lives are our own."

Artemis leaned against the rock and looked down, speaking more to herself than to him:

"Perhaps that is your strength — I don't know. Whenever I have met your compatriots they have struck me as possessing some imperial qualities. It may be because each one of you owns his own life. It is not the same with us. We are hostages held in the grip of the past."

"But don't you long to live your own life, too, and be happy?"

"There is no happiness, Mr. Peabody, except in one's duty, faithfully and honorably discharged."

Leaning against the rock with a drooping wistfulness which belied her Spartan words, Artemis reminded Elihu of Andromeda, chained to a rock and abandoned to a devouring monster. The jaws of the American's mouth set taut. Well, there had been Perseus, and the monster had been balked of his prey.

"If I'm not as good a man as Perseus," he muttered, "I don't deserve her."

"What did you say?" she asked.

He laughed grimly. "I said that if you were a hostage in the grip of the past, rescuing hostages was just in my line."

For the first time that evening Artemis smiled her whimsical little smile, which was all her own and had nothing to do with the past.

"But you see, my American friend, I am not asking to be rescued. Life is very short, and it has been given us to do our allotted task in. Mine lies clear before me. When my betrothed speaks to Greek officers, he says: 'We, in Germany, do so and so.' Don't you see that he must be taught to say:

'We, in Greece, do so and so'? It is my task to render into Greek the foreigner who is to rule over Greece. If his wife is a foreigner — as his mother was — he will continue to feel, 'We, in Germany.' Already the foreign dynasties in Greece have had their destructive effect. The Greeks are gradually losing the love for things Greek which they used to have."

"And that the Greeks may remain faithful, you must marry the Crown Prince?"

"For that and other weighty reasons. My family have been the leaders in the enslaved parts of Greece, which hold many more millions than there are in free Greece. It is believed that I, as the Queen of the Hellenes, will help to unite all the elements. The church in Constantinople holds sway over our people, and the church wishes me to do this."

"But you do not love him?" he asked again. This crumb of comfort, at least, might be vouchsafed him.

She considered the question for a minute.

"I have never thought about it," she answered, raising her eyes to his.

"But supposing you should fall in love with another man?"

"Love is a very wonderful thing, they say. Do

you suppose that if it came to me it could make me so base as to want to desert my obligations to the welfare of my race?"

"How do you know that this will be for its welfare?"

"I do not know it. I am told that it will be, and that is also my belief. After all, in doing what we believe to be right, we do all we can."

"But how can you know how you will feel when love comes? You view everything now from the logical and academic point of view — and love is not logical, nor academic. You cannot even understand what love can make one suffer."

She did not try to keep the conversation impersonal. She laid her hand on his arm with an unconscious gesture of caress.

"Yes, I do understand, and it matters much to me that you suffer, — only you are so strong, so splendid, so much the master of your own destiny that I can afford to let you suffer. But to my race I can deny nothing; for it is small and weak and friendless. We had one friend, France, but in her present struggle for life France was obliged to abandon Greece. The other nations have the strongest object in looking unkindly on us: — they want lands and islands either belonging to us, or — like

Asia Minor — morally ours because peopled by Greeks and steeped in Greek traditions; and one can never be friendly toward those one wishes to despoil. In the fall of 1916 some of the allied nations were talking secretly of dismembering Greece, and only the firm attitude of Mr. Lloyd George put an end to it. Yet still in the chancelleries of Europe they laugh cynically about her 'geographical impossibility'; and I have heard highly placed personages say that they would not give her back Salonica — although the Allies have given their written guarantees that they would evacuate all her territory, after the war."

To Artemis's amazement the American threw back his head and laughed.

"You ridicule me!" she exclaimed with deep hurt and reproach in her voice.

"No, I am laughing at myself — yes, and at you, too. What other girl in the world would reply to a declaration of love with politics? You would lay your own happiness on the altar of politics. You would offer me up a sacrifice with the utmost willingness. I laugh not so much because you would do it, but because you would do it without reluctance — joyfully. Surely this war has turned the world topsy-turvy. But let me tell you one

thing, I love you with everything that is worth while in me, and I want you with all that is human in me, and not for a million *diadoques* or thrones or races shall I give you up so long as there is a vestige of chance to win you."

"Yes you will," she said as earnestly as he, because I am going to ask it of you. It is very beautiful to have you love me. Indeed it gives me a happiness I have never felt before — "

"Then you want me to love you?" he interrupted eagerly.

"Every woman wants to be loved by the man she likes and admires — and I do like and admire you, oh! ever so much, my splendid American, who bears himself like a Greek god " Then perhaps because of the enchantment of the night, or perhaps because she did not realize the force of Elhu's love, she went on: "I loved you when you were a statue in our Turkish garden, and I betrothed myself to you, when I was ten years old. When I became fifteen and was asked to marry the *diadoque*, I sat up all night and cried — with you standing so splendidly erect in the garden. But I gave you up then, and took up my tasks. Can you do less now than I did then?"

Her words seemed to the American to make that

which she asked of him ten times more difficult. His emotion almost suffocated him.

“Good God!” he burst forth. “You only gave up a statue, a bit of marble, cold and lifeless, — but you — you are flesh and blood — you are the enchantment of all the ages. Oh! my Artemis, don’t let us sell our birthright of love for a mess of political pottage.”

He held out his arms toward her; but she drew back in a kind of horror.

“You must not. If you so much as touch me, you will cease to be my splendid American.” Then in a sadder, softer tone she added: “All over the world myriads of women are being married with a lover’s image enshrined in their hearts. Most of the time it is an image of something they have never met, but have only fancied — a face they have made out of their dreams and aspirations. Perhaps men, too, have such images in their hearts. I do not know. I am much more fortunate than most of my sisters, since I have really seen the face — and the man to whom it belongs is a splendid, wonderful man.” She paused for an instant, and then went on. “My life is not going to be easy, and it will be a great solace to think of you sometimes. Now you must go, and after what we said to-night

we must never meet again — alone. Already Spiro has spoken to me severely about you.”

“Spiro! What has Spiro to say?” he asked fiercely.

“Spiro has a great deal to say. Perhaps you think of him merely as a servant; but ever since 1765 his ancestors have fought side by side with mine — and have died and rotted unburied on the battlefields of Greece. He would die willingly to-morrow for Greece. He and I stand equals before the altar of our motherland.”

“I feel as if I were beginning to hate Greece,” Elihu said moodily.

“You cannot! Greece is in your face, and she must be in your heart as well. I have often thought of the woman who gave you life. She is beautiful, is she not? And she is a lover of Greece, else how could you be — what you are?”

“She was beautiful, and she was a lover of Greece, but she is dead.”

What was warm and womanly shone in the face of the girl. She came nearer him, and her hand touched his arm.

“I am so terribly, terribly sorry.”

“Don’t!” he cried. “Whatever else you do, don’t be human. When you talk like a woman I

cannot stand it. Talk politics, and look like a priestess, if you wish me to remember that you are to be the future queen of Greece."

His words accomplished what they asked for, but did not wish. Her mood of sympathy vanished.

"You are most Aristophanic. And now, good-night, Mr. Peabody. Please go."

"Good-night, then," he replied. "But if you think I have given you up, just remember this: I shall move heaven and earth to get you!"

She did not protest, did not try to make him renounce his declaration. Without another word, without a handclasp, they parted — parted more like enemies between whom open war has been declared than like lovers renouncing each other for an ideal.

Only after Elihu had walked back to Constitution Square and was facing the Grande Bretagne did he remember that he had no dinner. He did not wish to disturb his own servants at this hour, so he walked up the steps of the hotel to see if they could give him something to eat there. On the narrow marble porch Dr. Kastriotis was seated. On seeing Elihu, he rose.

"You are not living here, are you, Mr. Peabody?"

"No, I have only just got back from a long walk

up on Mt. Hymettus, and I came to see if I could get something to eat here."

"No! no! not at this hour," the doctor expostulated. "They will give you here perhaps some cold meat, or some sardines, with no bread to speak of. Come with me; I feel in the mood for performing a philanthropic deed — and what can be more philanthropic than conducting a hungry man to a good meal? I am no Athenian, but I can take you where good Turkish food is served — the only food worth eating."

It was an unusually cordial offer for a comparative stranger to make in Greece, where the art of "mixing" is yet in its infancy; but Elihu was not of a suspicious nature, and moreover he had liked Dr. Kastriotis that afternoon at the Mavromichalises, and the intent scrutiny which the Greek had there accorded him had not worried him in the least. A man who has travelled continuously in foreign lands for three years is accustomed to being stared at, and in time becomes unconscious of it.

"All right! Lead on," Elihu said.

He was glad that he should not have to eat alone. After the intense emotional strain he had been through, he felt a desire for human companionship; and finally the thought of a good meal was not at

all distasteful, for he found that he was ravenously hungry.

The two men walked diagonally across Constitution Square, past the Hotel D'Angleterre, and down to the miniature Byzantine church, Kapnekarea. Soon after this Elihu lost his bearings completely, as they got into the older quarter of the town, where the streets became narrower and crooked. They were now in a quarter totally unknown to the American, and the sinuous winding of the streets defied classification in one's memory.

Finally they turned into one where the houses were low, with overhanging roofs which formed a sort of arcade and made the blackness seem denser than any they had yet traversed. There were no street lamps, and heavy wooden shutters prevented the faintest gleam of light escaping from the inside of the houses. Even Dr. Kastriotis seemed at fault.

"It is hard to see," he murmured—which was obvious. "I must count from the corner." He went back to the corner, and counted the doors till he reached the seventh. "Ah! here it is!"

"A queer place for a restaurant," Elihu commented.

"Yes, I promised you something unusual," Dr. Kastriotis said with satisfaction.

"It is that already," the American replied. He slipped his hand into his hip pocket. Owing to the disturbed and unsettled condition of affairs in Athens he had fallen into the habit of always carrying a small, automatic pistol, and he now held this in the palm of his hand. Its touch reassured him, and he put his hand into his coat pocket with the pistol still in it.

Dr. Kastriotis meanwhile had rapped at the door, not an ordinary rap, Elihu noticed, but three short knocks, thrice repeated

Footsteps inside came running to the door. "Who is there?" asked a man's voice inside.

"It is I, Dr. Kastriotis."

A chain rattled inside, the door was unlocked, and the two men entered.

CHAPTER VIII

A COMPLETE metamorphosis of scene greeted Elihu Peabody and Dr. Kastriotis when the door opened. From the dark, forbidding street they entered into a little house, cheerfully light and scrupulously clean; and the face of the alert young Greek who received them was one that would have inspired confidence anywhere. Evidently of a humble class, though self-respecting, he kissed the doctor's hand, in the old Greek fashion, and welcomed the American with the pretty native phrase, "*Kalos orisete!*"

With a sheepish feeling of having almost played the fool, Elihu removed his hand from the pistol in his pocket.

"Aneste!" Dr. Kastriotis said solemnly, "we have come to you for assistance. We know there is a blockade, and we know that food is scarce. But hunger does not lessen because of a blockade—it increases!" Followed an oratorical pause. "Now when food is scarce and poor, there is only

one thing to do — to cook it better. I have been bragging of your skill in Turkish cookery: do not let my face be blackened in the sight of my American friend. Give us something good to eat, Aneste.”

“Of the best I have, *kyrie*,” Aneste answered, smiling.

He opened the door of the back room, where, in spite of the lateness of the hour, a young woman was seated at a loom. She was dressed in the long, straight, sleeveless tunic of Thrace. A gaily-colored homespun band passed under her chin and over her hair, which hung down behind in two long braids. And while she was busied with the loom, one of her feet rocked a primitive cradle, in which lay her young son.

At sight of the newcomers, she rose, courtesied to the American, and, as her husband had done, kissed the hand of the doctor. Then lifting the baby from his cradle, she brought it to him.

“Here is your godson, growing bigger and stronger every day. Let us hope he will not know the persecutions his parents have been subjected to.”

“I hope so, Marianthy, my child.”

“What can we do for you, master?”

“Aneste is going to give us some of his famous cookery.”

"Ah! it will please him to do that for you. It will make him think of the old times in our beloved Thrace."

While her husband was busily invisible in the kitchen, Marianthy set the table with a few coarse dishes and some spotless linen.

"We cannot serve you as well as we used to," she said, quite cheerfully.

"They are refugees," the doctor explained, "and used to be in charge of a considerable property I had in Thrace. Aneste is a cook only to his friends. Both his family and his wife's have been in the service of mine for a hundred years or more. The eldest boy is always the godson of the head of my family, and when he grows up, becomes overseer of the property, after his father retires. Aneste's old father was massacred by the Turks, acting under German officers. Aneste and his wife were captured, but managed to escape. They endured terrible hardships before reaching here, in the midst of which their baby was born. Now they are under my protection, and I hope are safe."

"Do they not find it hard to change from the country to the town?" Elihu asked idly.

Dr. Kastriotis stroked his chin a minute before answering. "I want them here because they

may be of use to my ward, Mademoiselle Artemis Byzas."

With the name, so casually uttered, the whole complexion of the evening changed for Elihu, and Dr. Kastriotis became a personage for him. He made no comment, however, and at this juncture a delicious vegetable omelet was brought in, with a bottle of good native wine, and a plateful of such bread that Elihu exclaimed:

"Where on earth did they get this bread?"

"Palace influence. The Royalists are not faring so badly with this blockade as the rest of the country."

"But I thought the blockade was especially directed against the king and his party."

"It was — and it went as directly to its mark as a woman's stone at a hen. In reality the king is profiting by the blockade. The Royalists tell all the people that Venizelos brought this suffering upon them — and half the people believe them. Oh! this tangle of politics, these lies and royalistic schemings — and you will find royalistic scheming wherever you find royalty, whether on our side or the other — make a devil's brew to poison the world. But let us not permit ourselves to be diverted from this Turkish rice Aneste is bringing."

Aneste brought not only rice, like new-fallen

snow, but fruit and almonds, cheese and Turkish coffee. As Dr. Kastriotis had predicted, it was a meal that Elihu could never have procured in a hotel at this hour.

"How does it happen that Aneste is such a wonderful cook?" the American asked, over their coffee and cigars, the mother having discreetly withdrawn, with her baby.

"Cooking is not regarded as an accomplishment by you northerners," the doctor answered. "You care for other things — sports, for example. Most Greek men are good cooks, and Aneste is better than most."

But it was not of cooking that both men were thinking, and after a pause Elihu remarked simply:

"Your ward will soon marry the *Diadoque*, I understand."

"It will probably take place as soon as she is independent of me, which will be, according to the will of her great-grandfather, this summer, when she is nineteen. Mistress of her fortune, however, she does not become until she is twenty-five: she has only the income."

Elihu smoked for a time in silence; then he asked with elaborate casualness: "I suppose you are very anxious for this great marriage?"

"It will be a wonderful thing for the Greek people. She embodies the best of the Greek spirit, and will be able to offset the foreign influence here."

"Does she care for the Crown Prince?"

"I don't think she knows what caring for a man really is."

"Supposing a man who loved her very much should teach it to her some time?"

The doctor smoked on for a few minutes as if the aroma of his cigar was all that interested him.

"That would hardly happen. As soon as men learn that she is to marry the Crown Prince, they consider the odds too great, and drop out of the running."

His voice a trifle husky, Elihu remarked: "I can imagine a man coming along who would not drop out."

The doctor examined the ash on the end of his cigar.

"In that case I should watch my ward with interest."

"And do your best to thwart the fellow?"

Again the doctor gave his undivided attention to his cigar. Finally he made answer:

"It would depend very much on the fellow."

Elihu's heart leaped within him at the hope these

words inspired. He hardly dared trust his voice to probe further:

"Then you do not especially desire this royal marriage?"

Carefully Dr. Kastriotis considered his reply:

"As a Greek, I certainly wish it. As a man to whom she is like an only beloved child, — I wish for her happiness."

Dr. Kastriotis was looking straight at the young American now.

"You — you do not think it would make for her happiness to marry the *Diadoque*?"

"It is difficult to know just what would make my ward happy, she is so wrapped up in her obligations to her race. I came here from Turkey to find out from her how Greece stands politically, at present; for she is one of the best informed persons I know. We in Turkey are ardent supporters of Mr. Venizelos — and republicans, since we do not believe that Greece can ever really prosper under these mediocre foreign kings. Still we have such faith in our leader that we are willing to do as he thinks best, and he believes that Greece cannot become a republic so long as she is surrounded by monarchies, all of whom would naturally be hostile to a republic. Of course if America should be will-

ing to stand by us, then Mr. Venizelos would be only too glad to let the genius of his country follow its true bent, which is along the lines of democracy."

"I suppose you are mighty glad to get out of Turkey," Elihu remarked.

The Greek with the head of Themistocles smiled. "My work lies there. In a few days I must return."

"But how can you manage that?"

"Through the neutral zone, and then by Bulgaria. It is quite simple."

He took a piece of paper from his pocket and like a skilled map-maker drew a sketch of the country in question, with mountain ranges, rivers, and villages.

"This is one of the greatest of the blunders of the Entente in the Near East," he went on. "In their tenderness toward our king — even after they knew him to be heart and soul with Germany — they made a neutral zone between him, their enemy, and Venizelos, their friend, into which both sides were forbidden to go. The creation of this zone absolutely prevented Venizelos from furthering the cause of the Entente among the Greeks, while it afforded the Royalists a safe and convenient means of communicating with the Central Powers, and receiving money and instructions from them."

Elihu studied the map attentively. With a strong sense of orientation himself, maps had always been a hobby with him. He looked up at length.

"But the thing seems idiotic," he blurted out.

Dr. Kastriotis smiled wearily. "Managing the Balkans from Downing Street leads to idiocies." He opened his wallet and took out a passport, which he spread out before Elihu. "With this I go through Bulgaria."

"Oh! you have lived in America, then? You are an American citizen?"

"I have never had that privilege, although I admire your country and your countrymen immensely."

"But this American passport?"

"It is in perfect order, and it serves me well. It is my talisman. Because of this I am *persona grata* in Bulgaria. She fights on the side of Germany, but she keeps friendly with you. If Bulgaria's calculations should turn out wrong, and Germany should *not* win the war, she would try to make capital out of her friendship with you. So I am treated very well, and learn much of interest there."

Elihu's lips curled a trifle disdainfully. "It is not very —" He shrugged his shoulders. "Suppose I report you to my Legation?"

"It is not so unprecedented as you may suppose for an agent of one of the powers to possess a passport to which his citizenship does not entitle him. I have not only served your country, since the beginning of the war, but I have helped your country to render great service to all those persecuted in Turkey. However, you will of course speak about this matter to your minister, if you think it your duty."

Elihu's eyes rested on the nobly shaped head of his host, and he knew that he had made a mistake.

"I beg your pardon," he said frankly "I ought to have known it was all right, or you would not have it. But tell me, Dr. Kastriotis, why are you giving me your confidence?"

"To gain yours."

"Mine!"

"Yes."

"Of what use can my confidence be to you?"

Perhaps one of the reasons why men are more cautious talkers than women is because smoking enables them to think before replying; yet when the Greek spoke, his reply startled Elihu as he had rarely been startled.

"As I told you, I must return to Turkey. If anything should ever happen to Spiro Millioti,

events may so shape themselves that my ward may need help — ” He broke off a second time, as if the vague fears in his mind refused to be put into words. “Aneste and his wife would do anything they could for her, but with the best wish in the world they would need some one to direct them.”

“You mean that I might help her?” the American asked tensely.

“Better than anyone else in Athens. You have America behind you, in a way, and yet,” the Greek smiled, “in spite of your attitude about my passport, it may be that you would not feel yourself bound too tightly by the law. And now let us go.” He rose. “The young mother probably wishes to return here with her baby. Only remember: these people are absolutely trustworthy, and you can find them easily. This street is the eleventh counting from the church *Kapnekarea*.”

“Let me write down the exact directions.”

“Very well. And keep this sketch of the neutral zone. These are uncertain times, and it may possibly be useful to you.”

On the way back to Constitution Square little was said. Each was absorbed in his own thoughts. Elihu, trusted by her guardian to come to Artemis's defence, would not have changed places with the

Diadoque himself. A buoyancy, an elation filled him all the greater for the despondency he had felt at the Mavromichalises that afternoon. That afternoon? No! a thousand years ago, before the world had been newborn, with Hope to lead it.

And another drop of the magic elixir was in store for him. When they came to the Grande Bretagne, the Greek stopped and laid his hand on the American's arm.

"My boy, if you wish to run the race, you will find me your well-wisher. Good-night."

CHAPTER IX

IN his own room, Elihu laughed aloud: "As if there were any question whether I should run the race. Man alive! what else is there worth trying for?"

He stood for a long time lost in thought — so long, and so still, that it seemed as if he had fallen asleep on his feet.

"It's a hundred to one shot," he muttered at length, "and it isn't 'a fair field and no favor.' The cards are stacked against me. Well, so they seem to be all over the world, just now; but before this war is over there may be more than one sure thing gone wrong."

During the following few weeks it needed all the grim determination in Elihu's nature to keep him from despair. On all sides he heard talk of the coming marriage of the *Diadoque* with the flower of Greece. And how may a man plead his cause with a girl when he may not speak with her alone? He might have written; but the ear that is unwilling to listen is only pestered by letters.

He went often to the Acropolis: she never did. Contrary to his former experience, he did meet her a number of times in society; yet these meetings were almost worse than none, so hedged about was she by members of the court circle. One day he went boldly to her house to call—and she was “not at home.” He knew she would not be at home to him, as he knew she would not come to the Acropolis. The knowledge did not prevent each lingering hope from dying hard.

Meanwhile the work at the Legation was continually increasing, and the tension of anxiety grew ever more taut. Elihu knew that there were bets made at the club as to whether America would ever declare war, or take it out in note-writing, with many offers and few takers; for the Royalist world which dominated Athens was cynically convinced that America would never endanger her prodigious financial prosperity by fighting—even for the lives of her citizens, torpedoed on the high seas—and many Americans had lost hope that she ever would. Her ambassadors and ministers were, if anything, under a greater strain than their government at home. Being so much nearer Germany they sensed more accurately what a real menace she was even to nations “three thousand miles

away." It is safe to assert that had the decision been with them their country would have come into the war much sooner than she did. That she unmistakably was preparing for war was known at the Legation long before the rest of Athens — cut off by the blockade from newspapers, letters, telegrams — had any inkling of it.

Then came the day of days, for all Americans, the Sixth of April, 1917, — the day which the Venizelists of Greece hailed as ennobling this bloodiest of wars, since on this day America entered it for no territorial ambition, nor to crush an economic rival and not even directly in self-defence, as viewed by the man in the street, but in defence of the ideals of Right and Democracy, as these ideals were cherished in the western hemisphere.

At the Legation there was a real celebration in the hearts of all, though its outward manifestation was only to work harder than ever in turning over the affairs of those of the belligerents they represented to the legations of states that still remained neutral.

Elihu did not return home till past midnight. His key had not yet found the keyhole when the door was thrown open by Panaghiote, wearing an air of the utmost importance.

"Why, Panaghiote, what keeps you up so late?" Elihu exclaimed.

Indicating the direction of the drawing-room with head and hand, Panaghiote replied in an impressive whisper:

"Our lady is in there. It is a matter of great importance. She is not even accompanied by Spiro Millioti!"

Quickly Elihu went into the drawing-room, and Artemis rose to her feet as he entered.

"What is it? What has happened? Is there any trouble?" he cried.

"Of course there is trouble, else why should I be here? Mr. Peabody, your country to-day declared war against Germany. That is why I can ask your help."

"You could have asked it anyway."

"I am asking it in the name of your country, the ally of France and England. Mr. Peabody, I own an old Byzantine cross, to which a prophesy is attached. In 1453, when Mahomet entered Constantinople, he took it from my family. For centuries my family and the Greek Church hunted for it, because the prophesy said that when it was returned to its rightful owner, St. Sophia in Constantinople would once more become Greek. It was returned to me on my fifteenth birthday. The

cross has a secret spring which opens a tiny compartment. The only person who knew this was the *Diadoque*. I told it to him on the day of our engagement."

A catch in her breath, like a sob, stopped her for an instant.

"I did not think he would do it, but he must have told the Queen. A few days ago she asked me to let her see it. I brought it to the Palace yesterday, and she carried it away to her room. She put me off when I asked for its return. I began to suspect then. To-night, I learned from some one very near the Queen—some one who in reality is a Venizelist—that this morning it was given to young Falkenheim, who has been secretly in Athens, and is now on its way to Germany. He is travelling through the Neutral Zone."

"And you wish that cross' back?"

"In its secret compartment is folded tissue paper on which are traced all the defences of Salonica. Oh, if it were only possible for me to go with you! I know the Neutral Zone well, and the exact route he is taking. I have arranged for Aneste to go with you. He is a Thracian, and came down through there. I thought of sending him alone, but it will require more brains than he has to

wrest the cross from Falkenheim. The German will stop at nothing to keep it — ”

“And I shall stop at nothing to get it.”

Artemis smiled. “I am not afraid of your failing — if you can only catch him. But he has twelve hours’ start. There is one place where, by leaving your horse and going on foot over a rough mountain pass you can gain almost a day, if he continues on horseback. I know Lieutenant Falkenheim, and while he will fight, I do not think he will walk, when a horse can carry him. But how to describe the place so that you shall not miss it. In case anything should happen to Aneste — It is by a bend in a stream — Oh! if I only had a map — ”

“A map? Dr. Kastriotis gave me a sketch of the Neutral Zone, and perhaps you can show the place to me on that.”

He hurried from the room, and was back in a minute with the sheet on which Dr. Kastriotis had sketched out the Neutral Zone. Artemis bent her head over the drawing, and a light of triumph sprang into her eyes.

“This will show you perfectly. There it is, where this stream makes a sharp turn to the left. On the right of the road — if you can call it a road — is a huge boulder. Pass around that, and you will see

a narrow path ascending straight up the mountain-side. It looks like a goat-path. You will have to leave your horses at the village you pass through a mile before. Aneste will arrange for a villager to take care of them until you return. It will be hard walking for six or eight hours, but when you come to the main road again, you will almost surely be ahead of Falkenheim."

"Is Aneste ready? I will set out as soon as I can change into my riding togs."

"Yes, he is ready. You will find him, with two horses, farther up Lycabetus, by the entrance to the English Archeological School. It was best not to have him wait near your house. And one thing more: when you get the cross, place the thumb of your right hand on the large ruby in its centre; then put the thumb of your left hand on the smallest of the three sapphires on the back, and press hard. There will be a click, and the cross will slowly open. Destroy the papers at once. There are German and Bulgarian bands roaming about the Neutral Zone, and you must not take any chances."

"I will destroy the paper as soon as I get my hands on the cross — and incidentally I shall keep my eyes open for the amiable bands you speak of. How lucky that Dr. Kastriotis gave me this sketch."

"How did he happen to? I did not even know you knew him."

"Yes, I know him — and," he dared, "he told me that so far as you were concerned he was *on my side*."

Because a little human smile flickered over the lips of the girl, Elihu cried passionately: "Artemis!"

She shrank from him.

"In spite of everything, Mr. Peabody, I am still the promised wife of another man."

She moved swiftly to the door. There she stopped for an instant.

"You may wonder why I did not send Spiro Milliotti for my cross. I did not dare to. Something is brewing at the Palace, and he is the only one I can rely on there. Good-night."

She was gone, out into the night — the dangerous night of Athens. He called to his man:

"Panaghiote, follow her. See that she arrives safely at her home."

The Greek shook his head. "No harm can come to Kyria Artemis in Athens. Besides, somewhere in the shadows Spiro Milliotti and others are watching. And you are in need of me now."

The first thought of Elihu was that Panaghiote had been listening.

"What do you mean?" he asked severely.

"Why should she have come here at this hour — she, our immaculate one — looking troubled and more than ever like our *panaghitza* (whose son and saviour was crucified), she the vestal of the sacred fires of Hellas, watching that they are not put out? She wants you to do something at once, and I know you are going to do it. Is it something where I can be of use?"

"No, I must go alone. But you can hurry up and get me out my riding clothes."

"Then, good hour to you, and God be with you, *kyrie*," Panaghiote said in the native idiom. "And I should advise silk underwear, if you are going far, and silk shirts. Fleas don't like them."

Elihu found Aneste, of the little house and the good meal, holding two saddled horses, in a condition to which most Athenian horses were strangers, at this time. Each carried two well-filled saddlebags.

"Food for man and beast," Aneste observed, patting the bags. "We are to travel fast, and neither horses nor men can go far on empty stomachs — and feed is hard to find. With these we can go at top speed."

They mounted and rode away on their perilous undertaking.

CHAPTER X

ON the seventh of April, 1917, when the Allied world was ringing with the news that the great republic across the seas had not only declared itself against Germany, but was already assembling a formidable army, Artemis Byzas was hastily summoned to the Palace.

In the spacious and homelike library of the King, she found assembled the King and Queen with two of their brothers, the Crown Prince, a young German officer, von Wahnzinn (who was not officially supposed to be in Greece), and in addition to these, the two members of the General Staff and the Greek of Bavarian ancestry, who were popularly considered to be the "occult government" which ran the country, in spite of whatever puppet prime minister might be in office.

With the exception of the Queen those who were seated rose to greet Artemis, and in a swift glance she took in the composition of the group. A "Crown Council" of all the former prime ministers would not have been so significant.

While the girl courtesied to the Queen, the latter said:

“Your devotion to the throne will be tested to-day, Artemis.”

The last bearer of the name of Byzas flushed at the tone in which the phrase was delivered. The sister of the Kaiser had never been affectionate toward her whom the will of a nation was making her daughter-in-law. She entertained toward her not only the instinctive ill-will of a mother toward the girl who was robbing her of a portion of her son's affection, but quite aware that Artemis was already the idol of the Greek people, she hated her for having won the heart of a nation between whom and herself there had always been instinctive dislike. Sophie of Prussia was intelligent, within her limits, and she knew perfectly that even as she herself had no atom of love for the Greeks, so she had failed utterly to captivate either the Hellenic imagination or the Hellenic heart. She resented it bitterly. It made no difference that this was a direct reflection of her own feeling: she considered it her right, her divine right, to be worshipped — as a queen should be worshipped by the populace.

As Artemis took her seat in an empty chair beside the *Diadoque* the autocratic heart of the Queen

swelled with anger that there should be any need of gaining the approval of this girl — not even of royal blood. Haughtily she said:

“To business, gentlemen. Since Mademoiselle Byzas must see those letters, let her see them at once.”

A general rose and brought the girl two long letters. They were both signed by the former Prime Minister, Mr. Venizelos, who having raised the standard of revolt against the pro-German policy of the King, had been in Salonica since the September before, with an army of sixty thousand, which was daily growing by the accession of volunteers from all parts of Greece.

Artemis read the two letters through once, and then again. They were confidential letters, addressed to the ministers of England and France, in Athens. They discussed at length the best way to kidnap the royal family, deport them from Greece, and declare a republic, thus bringing the whole of Greece on the side of the Entente.

After finishing the letters for the second time Artemis turned to the King.

“Your Majesty believes these were written by him? What proofs are there of it?”

The dark, saturnine general answered her, his

tone with Teuton bullying denying her the right of dissent.

"The letters themselves, mademoiselle, are enough. We all know the traitor's style. Can anyone doubt that this is his writing?"

"Y-e-s — but these are in Greek. Is it not usual to carry on diplomatic correspondence in French? Mr. Venizelos writes French very well."

The Queen had been tapping the floor with her foot, while Artemis spoke, and now she broke in impatiently:

"My dear Artemis, we have not called you here to discuss the authenticity of these letters. We know they are genuine, and that is quite enough, don't you think so?"

The daughter of Hellas looked straight into the eyes of the daughter of Prussia, and the slumbering antipathy between them almost showed in their eyes — almost but not quite. It would have been unbecoming for the girl to show it to the Queen, and for various reasons the Queen wished to appear friendly, for the present, to the girl who was to marry her son.

"Then why 'am I shown these letters?" Artemis asked.

The King answered this time: "As you see, the

throne —” he smiled his pleasant smile, which had made him so many friends — “*your* throne, some day, is threatened. We must take all counter precautions, and *you* can help. We have, this morning, arrived at an important decision.”

He stopped speaking. Artemis smiled back at him. She had always liked the big, frank-appearing, blunt monarch more than any other member of his family.

“And what is this decision?” she asked.

“That the Allied army must be thrown out of Salonica!”

By his manner he showed that he realised the daring of his words, and he hastened on:

“The foreign intervention and meddling will then end here. We shall be masters in our own house. The comedy has lasted long enough.”

Without any exclamation of astonishment at the momentous proposition, Artemis observed:

“Our army is demobilised. How can we force the Allied army out of Salonica?”

The Queen sneered openly at this: “Your precious Greek army could not be trusted to do that, were it never so mobilised. The majority, in spite of all we have done, still believe that France and England are their friends and protectors. It is the *German* army that will save the Greek throne.”

Artemis was not looking at the Queen. Her eyes passed over the King's head to the photograph of the Kaiser, which stood on the bookcase behind his desk. His baleful personality could hardly have ruled this assembly more fully had he been present.

"To make such an attempt we must be certain of success," she said, as if yielding. "Are we?"

"We are!" the King replied bluntly. "I may tell you what is only known yet to a few of us —" he looked around with the pride which even a king feels in imparting startling information — "that the plans of Salonica's defences are even now on their way to Berlin. This was all that was needed to insure success — and this we managed to obtain."

In the King's manner was a faint reflection of the pompous self-importance of his august brother-in-law, — but Artemis happened to catch the look which the Queen shot her husband, and it was plain that he had said too much. There ensued a pause of some awkwardness, and though no one ventured to reprove the monarch, there was rebuke for the royal babbler in the silence. Artemis broke the silence and her words were a welcome relief. She alone seemed to find the King's words the fitting ones.

"But have we taken everything into account?" she asked. "Have we thought fully of what

America may do — since America is already on the track of Germany?" In her eyes there gleamed a smile that did not find its way to her lips.

"America!" the Queen exclaimed, with the utmost contempt. "We have taken care of America. For the last fifteen years Germany has been sending picked men there, in preparation for just such an eventuality. Every ninth American is of German blood — and he is worth the other eight put together. We have men we can count on in their government, at the head of their banking department, directing their newspapers — everywhere we control. In addition, we have more than half a million trained soldiers in America — reservists — and we have arms and ammunition for them stored in German-owned warehouses. They can conquer the country, if necessary, and hold it for us until we have settled with these pig-Englishmen."

"In any case America, in the war, can do no more than she has been doing the last three years," the general added. "And with unrestricted U-boat activity England will soon be brought to her knees. No, America does not frighten us. She cannot form an army without officers, nor can she train officers without men. It is a logical impossibility for her to raise a force of any size to send overseas."

"Very well, let America then go her way," said Artemis. "But has Germany men enough to spare, to destroy the Allied army in Salonica?"

To the Queen's manifest vexation, the King spoke once more: "The German and Bulgarian armies are closing in on Salonica. As soon as they receive the plans we have sent them, they will know just where to attack. We ourselves can strike the deadliest blow of all. We have well-paid agents among the civilian Turks and Bulgars whom the Allies foolishly permitted to stay in the town, and they —"

"Your Majesty!" the Queen interrupted sharply. "Is it wise to speak of all our plans, while we are still in the power of the French and English?"

"Quite right!" the King assented amiably. "It will not be many weeks before the world will learn what we can do to smoke out the hornets' nest in Salonica."

"But if we should take part in these operations, would not Greece be dishonored, since she has promised to maintain a benevolent neutrality toward the Allied army in Salonica."

"Artemis, my girl," said the Queen, "dishonor falls only on the unsuccessful."

"Germany *must* win this war," the *Diadoque* put in. "With the Allied army in Greece destroyed,

one more of her objects is gained. She will then occupy the whole litoral here, and her U-boats will absolutely command the Mediterranean, whereas now she only has the one Bulgarian port on the Aegean."

Artemis was conscious that the Queen's eyes never left her face, and she knew that she had discussed the plan longer than was wise. Covertly, she glanced about her — at the Danish royalties, at the Greeks who had been educated in Germany, and at the Bavarian-Greek, who had been a snake in the grass from the outset. All stood with the sister of the Kaiser on the side of Germany. She must be careful.

Her face cleared, as if her last scruple had been swept away.

"Are there really troops enough in Macedonia to crush General Sarraïl?"

The Queen fairly purred with satisfaction. "You do not yet know all, Artemis. The Entente will be unable to send any reinforcements to Salonica because Italy will be attacked at the same time, and a tremendous offensive will be launched on the Western Front."

"But why was this not done last year before we were forced to demobilise our own army?"

If a king can pout, Constantine pouted now. "Russia had first to be disorganised, and the pro-Ally party in Roumania to be smashed. Now Russia and Roumania are both in the hands of our friends. We have nothing to fear from those quarters "

"You say that the plans are already in Germany?" Artemis was conscious that her breath came short.

"They will be soon," the *Diadoque* answered, laughing. "The very surest way has been taken to send them safely."

Her son's words amused the Queen. She laughed immoderately, in her heavy Germanic way.

"Some day we will tell you. It is a good joke," she said.

As Artemis looked at the laughing Crown Prince there rose beside him, in her mind's eye, the tall figure of Elihu Peabody, — even as, years before, the figure of the Crown Prince had arisen beside the statue which Elihu so strikingly resembled, in her great-grandfather's garden. Then it had been the physical difference which had repelled her. Now it was the moral.

Something of wily Ulysses is said to be the inheritance of every Greek; and surely this must be so, else how could Artemis — brought up in the most

rigid truthfulness — have found herself eager to outwit the Queen and her whole pro-German party in Athens? She felt — as she had never felt, when she had consented to marry the Crown Prince for her country's sake — that at last Greece was calling upon her for help. This was a greater matter than any mere question of dynasty. This affected not only the good name of Hellas before the world, but the whole course of her country's future. And as she was fighting the devil and his coadjutors on earth, so might it be necessary for her to diverge from the paths of frankness, sincerity and truth; and she who had never consciously told a lie, threw herself into the game of dissimulation with abandon and joy as if the blood of Machiavelli and not that of the Byzas flowed in her veins.

Sweetly she turned to the Queen, with a light shining in her eyes that made them lovelier than usual, and asked:

“In what way can I show my loyalty to the throne to-day, your Majesty?”

Even Sophie grudgingly admitted to herself that Artemis was captivating. With head tossed high she waited for the Queen's reply, while her glance challenged the *Diadoque* —whom in her heart she was repudiating — but who, all unknowing, at

this moment felt that even the great war was well paid for, if through it he possessed this entrancing creature a day the sooner.

Slowly and impressively the Queen spoke: "Artemis, our enemies say that you are not in sympathy with our party, and that you have deferred your marriage for no other reason than because you are opposed to his Majesty's policy. To-day I want you to give the lie to such talk by setting the date of your marriage — and make it as early as possible."

Artemis cast down her eyes, and a becoming blush of maiden modesty overspread her cheeks. She stole a sidelong glance at her entranced royal lover; then her white teeth flashed in a dazzling smile.

"You are right, your Majesty. We must give the people every proof that we are united."

The Queen's bosom swelled with triumph. She had anticipated no such ready acquiescence.

"Then shall we announce that it will take place a month from to-day?" she cried, eager to clinch the matter.

"Why not?" the girl inquired, but she avoided looking at the *Diadoque*. It was woman fighting woman, each for her own race, and each ruthless who might be hurt to gain her end.

"That will be the seventh of May, — or are you superstitious, like most of your race, and object to marrying in May?"

Never had Artemis's manner been so deferential to her future mother-in-law, as she answered:

"Surely the Queen of Greece cannot forget that the Greek calendar is thirteen days behind that of Prussia, and that a month from to-day it will still be April in Athens."

The Queen flushed at her oversight. "There are so many things in which my poor Greeks are behind Prussia!" she exclaimed, with an exaggerated air of sorrow.

Artemis laughed sweetly. "Times have changed. Greece led the world when Prussia did not even exist. Now Hellas needs even to have her calendar brought up to date."

The Queen rose, put an affectionate arm around the girl, and kissed her.

"And now, my child," she went on with an unctuousness of manner oddly in contrast with the usual critical attitude, which had earned for her the nickname of *Frau Verboten*, "Since you are to be married so soon it would be better if you were to take up your residence here. Had you been a princess of royal blood, you would of course have

stayed at the palace, and we must make no distinction because my son is to marry one who is — er — outside of royalty.”

The Queen’s purring tones ceased. Artemis stood, thinking rapidly, her smile of acquiescence still lingering on her lips. So this was what it had all been leading up to. She was to become a virtual prisoner — a hostage for the Greek people to the throne. Yet she did not flinch from this any more than she had from the Queen’s Judas kiss. With not more than a second’s hesitation she assented eagerly:

“Once more, your Majesty, you are right.”

“It is for the good of the people, you see. They have been told by malicious scandal mongers that you felt sympathy for the Other One, and I want them to know from this moment that you are with us.”

“Your Majesty is right, as usual,” Artemis acquiesced. “I will at once return to my house to make arrangements for coming here ”

“No, Artemis dear. We cannot let you go, now that we have you.” The Queen spoke with her most ingratiating smile. “Send over word to Miss Benson, and she will attend to it. But please stay here yourself. There is so much we must plan.

You can begin at once choosing the girls who will be your ladies in waiting. And have your riding habit sent over immediately, and this afternoon ride about the city with George. It will produce so good an impression. Somehow you two have rarely been seen in public together. Perhaps that is the reason some of these absurd rumours originated. And, dear, one thing more: *don't* have Miss Benson come with you. She is so — so — English!" The Queen ended with a shiver of disgust.

Artemis dropped a low courtesy. "The seventh of April is your Majesty's day — although America believes it is hers."

"Bah! those Americans, with their cowboy president, who thinks he is entitled to impose his own provincial code of morals on the most civilised nation in the world! But let us not spoil this morning by thinking of them. It was lovely of you, Artemis, to be so reasonable in all this. Young girls sometimes have silly notions."

"I thank you, but I am only doing what I should. Your Majesty knows better than anyone else that for one's race a woman will do anything — and everything!"

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CHAPTER XI

IT was in the Queen's plan that Artemis was to have none but ultra-royalist surroundings, and that Spiro Millhoti was not to accompany his mistress to the Palace, but in this she was thwarted. Without openly opposing the Queen, Artemus argued that the quick-witted Greeks would suspect compulsion, if Spiro were separated from her. Thus she managed to obtain a grudging acquiescence to her faithful retainer's coming with her to the Palace.

"He can stay in the servants' quarters," the Queen remarked, resolved in her own mind that he should have infrequent opportunity to see his mistress.

"You would wreck the universe, if he were not allowed to sleep outside my door," Artemis answered, laughing. "I should hate to be the one to tell him that his place was not to guard the door of a Byzas. He would start a revolution."

"Revolution!" the dreaded word An hereditary

autocrat is always a coward; for his power is a fictitious power, one he has neither conquered, nor earned, for himself. A cold shiver ran up the Queen's spine at the word, and though her manner lost none of its Hohenzollern arrogance, she yielded the point with unexpected ease.

Thus Artemis Byzas found herself living prematurely in the palace destined for her; and only in the daily and intimate companionship of the royal family did she fully come to appreciate how utterly at variance was every idea that prevailed here with all that she had been brought up to revere. To these Danish-Prussians, Greece was a territory for their private exploitation. Good public policy was that which seated them more firmly in their place of privilege: evil, that which sent tremors of instability through the foundations of their throne. There were certain formulae which had to be uttered upon public occasions, to their Greek subjects, to keep them contented, but of the higher meaning of Hellenism they had not even a suspicion.

Only the exercise by Artemis of marvellous tact kept the situation from speedily becoming strained, for in addition to their fundamental lack of sympathy the Queen could not long keep up the dulcet

manner she had assumed toward Artemis. She hardly took any pains to conceal her mistrust of her future daughter-in-law; and she early began the process of "breaking the will" which the German mind thinks the most necessary part of every young person's education. Artemis's will of course should have been broken as a child, still, it was not yet too late, and the task was congenial to the royal Prussian.

The Queen often congratulated herself on the wisdom of her scheme of bringing the Greek girl into the Palace; for whereas previously she had seemed to have ideas of her own — ideas utterly at variance with those of the Palace — she was with each hour proving more docile to the masterful hand of the Queen. And as the iron fist became more and more triumphant, the velvet glove seemed to become less and less necessary. From the time the girl acceded to the Queen's proposition, her hours were so disposed that she was no longer mistress of her time or of her actions. Under the pretext that the more she was seen in public with the Crown Prince the better the effect would be upon the people, her fiancé became her royal gaoler.

Even when she was in her own apartment, a lady's maid, whom the Queen insisted on sending

in addition to her own, was always hovering around. Informing the devoted attendant that there was nothing further for her to do was of not the slightest use. No sooner was she gone than, on some pretext or other, she managed to come back. A most efficient creature she was.

So closely watched was Artemis that she was unable to find an opportunity to speak alone with Spiro for twenty-four hours after coming to the Palace. On the second night she stayed up in her room till long past midnight, and then cautiously opened her door. To her relief she found Spiro lying asleep in his accustomed place across her threshold. She had feared lest the Royalists might in some way have managed to prevent his being there. Gently she touched his shoulder, and he sat up instantly — noiseless, wide-awake, alert.

“Spiro, sleep all you like in the day time, but be sleepless at night. You and I are now on the firing line — in the very first trenches — and never did Greece need a Byzas and a Millioti as she does to-day. We are to fight, not with guns and bayonets, but with our wits. Pretend that you are delighted about my coming marriage. Find out if there are any Venizelists among the *Evzones* who guard the Palace. Be very careful about your meals. Never

eat or drink anything except what all the others are eating, or you might be drugged when I should want you most. If you have anything to tell me, write it, slip it under my door at night, and if I have something to tell you, I shall speak to you late at night. If Greece is not to be dishonored, we must win against the whole Palace."

Silently Spiro placed his hand in that of his mistress. "Ready!" was all he said. Unlike most Greeks, Spiro was solemn and inclined to silence.

At no time was Artemis a heavy sleeper. Under the strain of the crisis through which her beloved country was passing she became almost as alert when asleep as when awake. Two nights later, at about three o'clock in the morning, she woke up with a start, and listened. All was perfectly silent; yet it seemed to her she had heard the rustle of paper. After a minute she got out of bed, and in her bare feet silently padded over to the door. Yes, there was a white blur on the floor. She stooped and picked up a folded piece of paper. Turning on the electric light she read:

Two of them.

Artemis slipped on her dressing-gown and turned the light off. Methodically she tore the paper to

bits and then for half an hour sat thinking and planning. At the end of that time she went over to the door again, and quietly opened it.

The single, low-spoken word greeted her: "Awake!"

Spiro was sitting on the floor. Artemis leaned over and whispered:

"Find out their hours, and tell them if possible to get transferred to night duty. Buy an *Evzone* costume that will fit me, and a rope long enough to reach to the ground — with knots in it. Smuggle them in here when you can. Be very careful, and especially watch out for the maid the Queen sent me. The slightest error and we shall fail. And Spiro —" she hesitated — "have you seen Panaghiote?"

Spiro nodded. "His master isn't back," he said simply.

A spasm of fear shot through the heart of the girl. Softly she said, "Good-night!" and shut the door. But it was not a good night for her. She thought not of the Venizelists among the *Evzones*; she thought not of service to her country: she found herself thinking solely of the man whom she had sent into all the dangers of the Neutral Zone without a qualm — without a thought of these same dangers, which now rose up in her imagina-

tion to torment her. Fearing, dreaming the terrors she feared, she slept fitfully till morning. Again and again she saw him with startling distinctness, sometimes quite still and lifeless, at other times wounded and moaning. And then she seemed to tend him and touch him, and with the imaginary touch she was thrilled as never in her life.

With daylight, her fears for Elihu's fate did not lessen. Even worse than death or wounds would be his capture by a brutal German or Bulgarian irregular "band," such as haunted the Neutral Zone. Her continued anxiety about him puzzled her. The idea of sending a man to his death for the cause of her country had been one of the commonplaces of her life. To his death! The thought haunted her. "What is the matter," she asked herself, "am I ill? When my country is in danger, why do I think of danger to a man?"

And all the while she had to remember the great political game being played in Greece, and to play it herself every minute. And so well did she succeed that the suspicions of the Queen gradually were lulled to sleep, until she admitted to the King and to her camarilla that her fears had been groundless, and that Artemis really was heart and soul on their side.

The news that the date of the marriage had been set made a profound impression throughout the country. It brought gloom to the Venizelists. With Artemis the wife of the *Diadoque*, the Royalists would gain strength with the people, and equally the Venizelists would lose ground. The hardest task of Artemis was to curb the affection of the Crown Prince, without making him suspect her unwillingness for the marriage. Yet this she carried off with a high hand. Wilful coquetry and the imperial rights of her girlhood enabled her to assume an attitude of aloofness to which even the rights of a royal lover had to bow.

The presence of the Crown Prince inevitably brought to Artemis's mind the figure of Elihu Peabody — not always lifeless or wounded on a barren mountain-side — sometimes triumphantly bringing back to her the cross of the Byzas. This the American was doing for her: and this had the Crown Prince done for her — to betray the secret of the cross to his Prussian mother. The deeper Artemis felt, the higher she tossed her head and the more magnificently she played her rôle of royal bride-to-be. There shone in her eyes a light which illumined a face that needed no further illumining. Gratified ambition, it was deemed by those around

her. Such a light also shines in the eyes of the fighter when the hour for his supreme effort arrives.

A slip of paper appeared under her door, after her maid had left her. Nothing was written on it. She judged that Spiro wished to speak to her, and waited for the proper hour to arrive. There had been a little dinner at the house of Lady L., staunch supporter of royalty, and with champagne and many veiled toasts to "the victories of our friends" the dinner had dragged on to a late hour. Thus there was only a short time to wait until the Palace was sunk in sleep.

When Artemis opened her door, she found Spiro expecting her.

"I have the rope," he whispered. "It is wound around my waist. Let me give it to you first. And here is a part of the *Evzones* costume, with the slippers. The tunic I could not bring — too bulky. They would have seen it; they watch me as if I were a smuggler."

While speaking, Spiro had been silently unwinding the rope.

"Put it in a safe place, where that Queen's maid cannot find it. The Venizelist *Evzones* have had

their hours changed. For this week one will patrol the garden every night from twelve to four. The other is at the back gate. There will be another *Evzone* at the back gate with him, but —" Spiro shrugged his shoulders — "he is a traitor to Greece: he believes in Germany." A movement of his hand intimated what would happen to the other *Evzone* if the necessity arose. Then bluntly he inquired: "What are your plans?"

As to one who had the right to know, Artemis briefly explained them. Spiro shook his head.

"You needn't take the risk. I'll do it."

"No, this is the work for a Byzas," Artemis replied. "Your part lies here — and it is more dangerous than mine. To-morrow night, then, and I must try to get away as early as possible, since there is much for me to do before morning."

"To-morrow night!" Spiro replied, saluting.

A dark night would have suited Artemis's adventure best. It was April, however, far advanced in the Grecian spring, when the nights are clear and radiant. "You horrid little boche stars!" Artemis admonished them from her window the next night. "Why can't you hide behind a cloud?" But out into the translucent night she had to venture, for there was no time to wait.

She dressed herself in such of the *Evzone* costume as Spiro had supplied: the heavy white tights, the dark garters hanging below the knees, and the heel-less slippers with their immense pompons on the toes. She braided her hair and fastened it tight to her head, and over it put the *Evzone* cap, jauntily a little on one side, as they wear it, with the long tassel hanging down on the left shoulder. And then, partly because even to her un-prudish nature, she seemed singularly little clothed, without the tunic, and partly to hide the white gleam of her costume from any chance eye, she slipped a black gown over it all.

When ready she opened the door, and bade Spiro enter.

"Let down the rope out from the window," she said. "When I am on the ground, I will shake it to let you know."

Spiro hesitated. He was not yet convinced of the necessity of his mistress's undertaking so hazardous an adventure.

"Suppose they should catch you?" he protested.

"In that case I will pretend to be a somnambulist — and you must say I have often walked in my sleep. But if I am not discovered, guard my door

as long as possible. My door is your Thermopylae, my friend Spiro. Tell the maid in the morning that I rapped on the door and said I did not wish to be disturbed as I had not slept well."

Once more Spiro pleaded to be permitted to go in her stead. She only put her hand on his shoulder and said:

"Don't you see, Spiro, I alone can carry this thing through? Besides, if I stay here, the time for my marriage will soon come — and you don't wish me to marry this foreigner, do you, now that we know he means to betray Greece?"

"You are right," he said, convinced at last. "The Milliotis have always carried out the orders of the Byzas, and although you are nothing but a girl, still you are a true Byzas — and there is no other."

He took her hand, carried it to his heart, and then to his lips. He looked intently into her eyes in the dim light, wondering if he should ever see her again. The same idea was in her mind, and each thought of how their lives had been intertwined — and that this might be the end.

"Good attend thee," he said huskily.

The girl leaned forward, and drawing down his head, kissed his forehead. Then, agile as a gymnast,

under the excitement of the moment, she climbed down the knotted rope. On the ground she shook it a couple of times to let Spiro know.

Spiro pulled it up, and with an aching heart concealed it under the bed. He locked the door from the outside, put the key in his breast pocket, and took his accustomed post on the threshold. And there he waited, at his Thermopylae, as his mistress had said. Without doubt the hardest rôle was that of Spiro Millioti.

In the garden below, Artemis stood among the shrubbery, feeling much like a young bird who has fallen out of her nest. Now that the step was irrevocably taken she seemed so small and helpless a thing in the vast world of intrigue and violence. She was not even armed, and in her ridiculous costume of neither man nor woman she felt in truth as unfit to cope with the world as any frightened fledgling. Then she heard the regular foot-falls of the *Evzone* on duty in the garden, and her self-possession returned. Here was the touchstone to make or mar her fortunes. She stepped forward in his path. The *Evzone* approached her and peered into her face.

"It is indeed she," he whispered, saluting. "At your orders, Kyria Artemis."

"Are you ready to serve Greece, even though it risk your life?" she asked.

The boy made the sign of the cross. "What must I do?"

"Give me your tunic."

The *Evzone* stared at her.

A ripple of laughter came from the girl at the anti-climax of her request.

"Yes, give it to me. I am dressed like an *Evzone*, except for the tunic. Give me yours, and I shall be able to proceed on my journey, in the interests of our country."

The boy slipped off his tunic, and then retired behind the bushes, while she completed her metamorphosis. She was only an inch or so shorter than the young *Evzone*, and her shoulders were nearly as broad, and the tunic proved a very fair fit. The belt, with the short bayonet in its scabbard, she had to draw up to the last hole.

"*Pallikari!*" she called softly, and when he reappeared she held out her dress to him. "Now unless you wish to go about like a marble statue you had better put this on. Do I look right?"

The boy adjusted the cap at a slightly different angle over her left ear. He stepped back and surveyed her with approval. Indeed she presented a

gallant young figure. Greek-like she was oblivious of her costume, and it was the boy who was the more abashed at seeing before him the girl whom they called their great lady, descendant of one of the greatest families of Greece, looking exactly like an *Evzone*. Yet his enthusiasm overcame all else, and in muffled tones he whispered:

"You look like a brave *pallikari*, and no one would suspect you did not belong to the royal guard."

"Have you any plans for yourself?"

"I will manage somehow. But you, my lady? Niko changes at four. If you stay, you can escape then."

"No, I must see if I cannot get out before — with the help of this." She indicated her costume. "If I cannot, I will return here, and you and Niko shall help me."

"May the hour be good to you."

Artemis thanked him for his good wishes, and walked toward the side entrance with the jaunty air of the *Evzones*. She knew the rather casual discipline that prevailed among the royal guard, and thought she might be able to slip out of the gate with a nod at the sentry in his box. Just as she was passing the entrance of the palace, the two doors were swung open, and in a broad shaft of

light, the *Diadoque* appeared, after a late conference with the King.

While yet the short-sighted eyes of the *Diadoque* blinked blindly from the change of light, Artemis, with a motion swift as the dart of a swallow, swooped down, picked up a pebble and put it into her mouth. With the continuation of the same motion she stood at salute.

The *Diadoque* saw this *Exvone* of the Royal Guard standing on the edge of the beam of light.

"Are you off duty?" he asked, in Greek.

"Yes, your Highness."

Artemis had always deplored that her *fiancé* would only speak with her in English, or — when he wished to tease — in German. To-night she was devoutly thankful that he was not accustomed to hearing her speak Greek; and the pebble in her mouth helped to disguise her voice.

"Then accompany me to my house, as I wish to walk," he said, and stepped off briskly up the path. They passed the sentry at the gate, rigid at attention, and walked away beneath the pepper trees and the stars. Artemis almost laughed at the way in which her "royal gaoler" himself had helped her to escape. So vivid a sense of freedom held her that she wanted to break into song. She who

had felt like a helpless fledgling a quarter of an hour ago now felt like an eagle, able to soar away into space wherever she might desire. And yet she was not entirely out of the toils. Would the *Diadoque* require further service of her after arrival at his house, or had he merely wished an escort home? The latter proved to be the case, and he dismissed her, with a word of thanks, as soon as they reached the sleepy sentry at his own home.

Artemis drew herself up and saluted, and in this position watched him enter the door of the house that was to have been hers within less than a month. When the man who might have made her a queen had passed from her sight, the girl turned back toward the centre of the town. Her feeling of elation was succeeded by a brief period of terror at the ease with which her enterprise had succeeded thus far. She shook off this mood. "It is fear that wrecks the plans of the guilty," she told herself. "I am not guilty, so I shall not fear."

Walking rapidly, in the soft, heelless shoes of the *Evzone*, she gloried in the freedom of movement accorded her by her costume. Her hand fell upon the bayonet hanging from her belt, and she laughed aloud at having outwitted the sister of the Kaiser. Then she remembered Spiro and the boy whose tunic she

was wearing, and her step lost its jauntiness, her heart its lightness. What would become of those two? Would their patriotism cost them their lives? She looked up at the sky, asking mutely if such unjust things could happen without divine interference. Across the dark blue dome stretched a fleecy white strip, as of the thinnest of veils, and it seemed to the girl that it must be composed of the myriads of souls forced to leave life on all the battlefields of bleeding Europe. Unconsciously she joined her hands. "You can't be lost in vain, you youths of the world," she murmured. "Something good and worth-while must come out of your sacrifice." She made the sign of the cross. "God, whom I do not understand, and in whom I yet believe, be with us all — and be with me to-night."

Under a street lamp ahead she saw a group of *epistrates*, who at this time were acting as half detectives, and half plug-uglies to cow the Venizelists. They would probably not question anyone in the uniform of the King's Guard, yet, unwilling to take the least unnecessary risk, she turned back, took the first street to her left, and made a detour around a couple of blocks to get back into the Kiffissia Road. She met no other persons abroad; for these were unnatural times in Athens, and the

streets became deserted with darkness. Just opposite the Grande Bretagne she found, as she had hoped to, several motor cars still waiting at their stand, with the chauffeurs snoozing in the cars. She woke one up.

"I wish to go to the Piraeus. What is the fare?"

"Ninety drachms."

"Ninety drachms! But that is preposterous."

The man shrugged his shoulders. "Carriages are cheaper. No automobile will go for less. Essence is sixty drachms a gallon — and none to be got at that. The mixture of turpentine and ether we can buy must be used the same day, or the ether evaporates and it will not work."

Artemis had been haggling for appearance's sake only. "Very well. Start your car. I wish to go down on the quay, opposite the French cruiser there."

After much trouble the chauffeur managed to start his car, and they went roaring down the street, the cut-out wide open to facilitate the better working of the "mixture," and no speed laws in force. Past the invisible Temple of Jupiter they tore, their glaring pathway of light turning all outside it to inky blackness, and on down the wide, straight street which leads to the Piraeus. On the quay they

had to drop into second speed, for the whole waterfront was crowded with refugees: men, women and children who had fled from Asia Minor, fled from Thrace, fled from the islands to escape the barbarous Turks, who, tutored by the boche, were tardily trying to accomplish the work of extermination they had neglected in 1453, when they had conquered the Greek Byzantine Empire. And there were other refugees who had been driven from Macedonia — from their own provinces of Serres, Drama, and Kavalla by a foe whose brutality was greater even than that of the Turks — the Bulgarians. Here on the quay these poor people were huddled together, their pitiful little belongings about them, each family trying to make for itself some sort of privacy by arranging their meagre boxes and bundles in a rectangle, and inside these ghostly semblances of homes they were huddled in sleep.

Artemis's heart burned with pity and indignation when the rays of the motor's headlights fell upon these miserable refugees. They were suffering all this for Hellenism, to them the one spiritual light in their lives, for their religion was inextricably intertwined with their nationality. It is no wonder that foreign missionaries — explaining the advantages of this or that particular sect — ob-

tain no success among the Greeks, whose church is the oldest of the Christian sects. In the East when you ask a man his nationality, he is likely to tell you his religion, — or when you ask him his religion, he may reply with his nationality. And when religion and nationality are persecuted, they become very dear to the heart of man. In those favoured spots where life and religions are free, a man may well change to one he finds more congenial than the one he is born with; but when a man's religion may cause his ruin and death, he clings to it as his most precious possession.

Through some of her American friends, Artemis had already done what she could for these refugees. Openly she had dared do nothing; for these poor people had been left here half starved by those to whom they had every right to look for succour — the government of their own country. As passionately as they were devoted to their Hellenism, so fervently were they adherents to him whom they considered to be the noblest exponent of modern Hellenism — Eleutherios Venizelos. And because of that, the Danish-Prussian royal family which, since the war, had assumed complete charge of all the charitable societies and their revenues, left the refugees to rot and starve on the wharves of Piraeus,

while they employed the charitable offerings of their people largely in feeding *epistrates*, on whom they could count to support their throne. Even the Venizelists of Athens dared help the refugees only surreptitiously, lest they themselves be persecuted in one of the numerous ways in which the Royalists had become adepts.

"Here we are, my *Evzone*," the chauffeur said, stopping his car. "There is the French cruiser."

Artemis sat for a minute without moving.

"There is a message I must send back to Athens. You shall have an added twenty drachms to your ninety, if you will deliver a letter for me the first thing to-morrow morning."

"Willingly."

"But I have no paper or pencil. You do not have any? Go among the refugees: perhaps one of them can supply us with writing materials."

The refugees on the quay slept fitfully under the open sky, and a cluster of them were already standing about the motor. At the appeal for paper and pencil, one of them dived into his ragged pocket and produced a stub of pencil and a sheet of crumpled paper. There was no envelope, but he was rewarded beyond his wildest dreams by a big silver cartwheel of five drachms slipped into his hand.

Artemis wrote:

Pallas Athena, at night, in her temple.

She folded it several times and wrote Elihu's name on the outside.

"Deliver this to the American Legation the first thing to-morrow morning," she said.

The chauffeur again assured her that this should faithfully be done, woke up a boatman sleeping in his boat, to take Artemis out to the cruiser, and drove back to Athens.

The Greeks, high and low, have one great vanity: their intellect. So great is their satisfaction in it that often they neglect to do things in the pride of knowing intellectually how they ought to be done. Chauffeur Marouli was no exception — indeed one may almost say there are no exceptions. Though he was a skilled mechanic, he took far more satisfaction in his skill as a debater; and in the café he frequented in his leisure hours he was wont to whet his intellect, on any topic, against all comers.

The next morning he delivered the letter entrusted to him at the American Legation. The day proved not a busy one, and as it wore on he found himself speculating more and more as to the reasons why a member of the American Legation should

receive a letter from an *Evzone* of the Royal Guard — an *Evzone* who had then gone aboard the French cruiser blockading Greece. Moreover the letter had been written, very suspiciously, in a foreign tongue. He had opened the folded sheet, and had been considerably disappointed at not being able to read its contents. Could it be a plot? Was he perhaps on the scent of some conspiracy against his noble warrior-king?

Chauffeur Marouli was an ardent Royalist, one of the victims of the German propaganda, which had concentrated in Greece every device of which it was master to the turning of the people against Venizelos; and Marouli believed fervently that King Constantine was struggling to save his country from being sacrificed as Belgium and Serbia had been sacrificed by the ruthless Entente.

During the next twenty-four hours deep-thinking Marouli became more and more thoroughly convinced that he was on the confines of a great mystery, affecting his king and his country. It was the only conspiracy with which he, personally, had been connected, and this in a time and city when conspiracies were so plentiful that he was mean indeed who could not afford at least one of his own.

Marouli was so pleased at his detective powers

that at first he did not think of the necessity of trying to thwart his conspiracy. Then gradually it dawned upon him that something must be done, or the plot would succeed — and he would never receive the honour due him as its discoverer.

But what was to be done? He had often driven different members of the court circle, and knew them by sight. He would go to one of them and reveal the clue he had discovered. Great praise he would obtain, and probably a reward. Indeed they might invite him to become a chauffeur of the King himself, for so keen and able a mind as his ought to be in the service of no less than the King.

In the midst of these intellectual revellings, who should come along but a slender, well-dressed man whom Marouli recognised as the Marshal of the Court. The marshal came straight up to him, stopped and said:

“I want to go to Tatoi, at once. You have essence enough, I suppose?”

For the first time in his life Marouli was all but speechless. It was the coincidence of a fairy story: the Marshal of the Court coming to him, to be driven out to Tatoi where the King's summer residence had been, before the great fire of a few months

ago had wiped it out, together with the only forest near Athens. All the way out there Marouli was choosing words and phrases to explain himself most impressively.

"I shall remain here only a short time," said the marshal, when they stopped at Tatoï.

Marouli mopped his brow. The fateful moment was approaching.

The marshal returned. Marouli opened the door of the car for him; then, instead of resuming his own seat, in a torrent of words he told of the *Evzone's* going to the French cruiser, of the letter delivered at the American Legation, and of all the doubts and suspicions that had assailed his own mind in consequence.

Marouli's hopes were high. His disappointment was great. The Marshal of the Court listened, it is true, but sat stonily in his seat, without an ejaculation of encouragement or praise, and when the tale was told, only said fiercely:

"Drive me back to Athens — at once!"

Halfway to town he got up from his seat and touched Marouli on the shoulder.

"Stop at the Palace," he said.

"The Old Palace?" Marouli asked.

"No, idiot! The palace where the King lives."

When they reached the Palace gate, the marshal said sharply: "Come in with me. I want you to repeat to others what you told me at Tatoi."

The pride of Marouli, flatly deflated, instantly swelled up like a balloon. He was left for half an hour in an anteroom; then the marshal returned and conducted him into a room which contained only a table, three chairs, and a tall screen along one wall.

"Now tell me exactly what you told me before," the marshal commanded.

Marouli was certainly disappointed. Instead of the distinguished audience of a dozen or more he had anticipated, he only had the same listener as before. The marshal himself did not sit down. He was standing, restlessly, and to face him Marouli had to turn away from the window. Hesitatingly he began to repeat his tale.

"Speak louder and more distinctly," the marshal interrupted.

Marouli obeyed, and gathering enthusiasm as he proceeded, spoke more and more fluently, till the last word was said. And then the surprise and triumph of his life came to Chauffeur Marouli. From behind the screen there emerged a lady whom he recognized instantly as the Queen. His first

instinct was to make the sign of the cross. He stopped himself and made a low bow instead.

"I have heard all that you have told the marshal," the Queen said graciously, "and I am pleased that you should have been so zealous in our behalf. There is one point you have not mentioned. To whom was the letter addressed?"

"It was written in European letters which I could not read. The *Evzone* only told me to deliver it to the American Legation; but when I handed it in at the door, the man who took it said: 'Oh! this is for Mr. Peabody.'"

The Queen nodded. "Can you describe the *Evzone* more fully to me?"

"He was very young, my Queen, and very handsome, though rather delicate looking. His eyes were brown, and —"

"Did he resemble anyone you had ever seen before?" the Queen interrupted.

"No, my Queen," he began; then there flashed into his mind a strange and stupendous thought. "But yes!" He stopped, terrified at the audacity of his idea.

"Yes," gently encouraged the Queen, "whom was it he resembled?"

"Begging your pardon, but I was going to say

that he made one think of our Kyria Artemis Byzas."

"Don't be silly," the Queen said severely. "Kyria Artemis is lying ill in this palace."

"Is Kyria Artemis very ill?" Marouli inquired with concern.

"We hope it is not dangerous," the Queen answered gloomily. "She will not be able to leave her room for a number of days."

The Queen did not again refer to the question of the *Evzone's* resemblance, and Marouli was only too glad to drop a subject in which he had made so palpable a *faux pas*, after his brilliant showing during the first part of the interview.

"Have you any children?" the Queen asked kindly.

Marouli had three, and the Queen directed the marshal to give Marouli a substantial present for them, with the injunction to say nothing to anyone of this experience of his, and to keep his eyes open and report to the Palace any other unusual circumstance he might notice, — an injunction which swelled him up with such importance that he nearly ran down three pedestrians that day, through keeping too close a watch on the whole horizon, lest some conspiracy escape his eagle eye.

CHAPTER XII

AS the American, with his Greek guide, rode off through the quiet night in pursuit of the stolen Cross of the Byzas, a sense of the magnitude of his undertaking overwhelmed Elihu. In the wastes of the Balkan Mountains he was to overtake a well-mounted man who had a full day's start of him, and he was to wrest from that man, armed and on his guard, that upon which the fate of the world might depend.

The deceptive rays of the moon shone softly down upon a world so mild and magical that it seemed as if warfare could have no place in it. Elihu laughed aloud at the sardonic humor of it all. Here he was, a civilian in whose experience nothing more bloody than a college football game had ever occurred, pitting himself against a Prussian warrior, trained from childhood in every ruse and stratagem of conflict, and utterly unscrupulous. The civilian was to take by force perhaps at that time the most valuable document in the world from the profes-

sional fighting man. Certainly the affair had its ludicrous aspect.

With hardly a word they rode on during half the night, over roads which became ever rougher and more hilly. It had not taken many miles for him to become thoroughly lost. He had the feeling as if they were riding into the unknown at random, in spite of the map in his pocket.

"You know your way?" he questioned once.

"Yes," the Greek replied.

"And you think we shall be able to come upon Falkenheim in this ocean of land?"

"There is one pass he must go through, if he stays on his horse, as assuredly he will. If your excellency is able to ride till late tomorrow afternoon and then to walk through the night over the mountains, there is no doubt but that we shall intercept Lieutenant Falkenheim and the Bulgarian spy, Tropoff, who is his orderly."

"I will make it," Elihu replied, thanking his stars that he had taken pains to keep in hard condition.

Even for trained men an all night's ride might be considered a day's work; but they only stopped at a small village for breakfast, and then resumed their steady onward gait. Fortunately the weather

was perfect, neither too cold nor too hot, and, with the exception of an hour at noon, they rode all day long, their magnificent horses only showing signs of becoming spent toward sunset.

"How much farther do we have to ride?" Elihu asked. "Will our horses hold out?"

"It is of ourselves alone we need to think," Aneste replied. "These are horses of the English thoroughbred strain, and they will not fail. Besides they are well nourished. Many a Greek would have been glad to receive for his whole family a quarter of the grain they have had since the blockade. They belong to the army—to an officer of the General Staff, who secretly is a Venizelist." He chuckled. "The Royalists would be surprised if they knew for what work these horses have been well fed—while women and children starved."

One rocky mountain had succeeded another in such bewildering monotony of variety that only the confidence of Aneste prevented Elihu from feeling himself hopelessly lost. Just as the sun was setting they reached the small village where they were to leave their horses. Here they ate their last regular meal, and then, with their automatic pistols and two small packages of food, set out straight up over the mountain-side, on a trail so faint that had

Elihu been alone, he would hardly have been able to follow it by daylight. The relief of the change from riding to walking was very grateful at first, though Elihu chafed at the deliberate pace his companion set; but before many hours had passed he saw how wise the Greek had been to start slowly; and doggedly he plodded on behind him.

Both men were now travelling on their nerve alone. Their faces were gaunt and hollow-eyed. Their movements had become the mechanical ones of flesh driven by the spirit far beyond its normal endurance. In the middle of the night they stopped to eat the food they had brought with them. They were at this time on a saddle-back between two higher mountains.

Aneste pointed to the one on their left, towering up among the fleecy clouds, through which filtered the rays of the moon.

"The German officer rides around that mountain. He sleeps at night. We gain eight hours by not sleeping, and half a day by walking. We shall be over the other side of the mountain before him."

"Good!" Elihu answered laconically.

When the trail ceased to ascend, and began to descend, the walking became more taxing. While mounting had been hard on the wind, going down

quickly began to tell on the knee-joints, and it became much more difficult to keep one's footing.

Half an hour later Aneste stopped and sniffed the air.

"I smell smoke," he said.

Roused from the lethargic state in which he was plodding along, Elihu peered about in all directions, but neither of them was able to see anything except the waste of tumbled rocks with scanty tree-growth which had met their eyes for so many hours. With greater caution they proceeded on their way, and about ten minutes later, simultaneously they stopped.

A tiny spark of fire showed two hundred yards ahead of them, directly in their path. A man was sitting beside it, and as they strained their eyes they made out a number of other dark forms sprawled about near him.

"It is one of the bands," Aneste whispered, "and in a bad place for us. We must get around them somehow."

The walking had been difficult enough when they had kept to the trail. It deteriorated ten-fold when they left that and attempted — without attracting the attention of the sentry by the fire — to get around him and continue their journey.

The band had chosen its camping place well. It was all but impossible to approach it except on the trail. Unfortunately the American and the Greek tried to pass by them to the left, which here appeared the easier side on which to effect a *détour*. It was in reality by far the harder side, as they perceived after half an hour's strenuous climbing. Had they turned to the right they could easily have effected a wide circle and got by without being noticed. As it was, climbing on hands and knees, and pulling themselves up by every rocky projection which offered a handhold, they were still forced to pass within forty yards of the campfire. The necessity for not making the slightest sound made their climb infinitely more difficult.

Just when they were congratulating themselves that the worst was over, and when they were immediately above the band, a dislodged stone went bounding down the mountain, and struck square in the middle of the little fire.

It was a most effective alarm signal. In an instant the sentry had sprung to his feet and was discharging his gun repeatedly in their direction. All the sleeping men, some twenty-five or thirty, roused themselves, and joined in the fusillade.

"Lie still as the dead!" Aneste whispered. "Even

if they come within a yard of you, do not move. It is our only chance."

Elihu crouched among the rocks and peered down upon the excited *commitajees*. They were one of the irregular and utterly irresponsible bands, part Austrian and part Bulgarian, who were laying waste the little Serbian and Greek villages, wherever these were defenceless. Whether from the great fatigue he had undergone, or because of the effect of the night and the misty moonlight upon the desolate, picturesque scenery, the strongest feeling Elihu had about the whole matter was a sense of its unreality. It was like a stage scene to him:—the bandits around their camp-fire; and himself as hero crouching in the background with his faithful retainer—he could almost feel the chorus massed in the wings, ready to appear at the proper cue with a burst of song upon their lips. Perhaps he was a little light-headed. He felt no fear—how could one be afraid of what was so palpably fictitious? Even these solid appearing rocks, to his distorted sense, seemed made of *papier maché*. He shook the boulder on which his hand rested, and it oscillated.

The touch of the teetering rock oddly enough, instead of heightening Elihu's sense of the theatricalness of it all, brought him sharply back to reality.

Frost and erosion had loosened the boulder — destined it perhaps to start an avalanche. A push would topple it down the mountain.

The *commatajees* were holding a hurried consultation; there came a sharp word of command from the leader, and the group dissolved. They spread out and began to comb the mountainside for whoever had dislodged the stone.

Elihu was no military strategist; but in a flash he saw that only a miracle would prevent the ultimate discovery of himself and Aneste, and he preferred not to trust to miracles. "Let's give 'em a run for their money, anyway," he muttered.

Putting his shoulder to the rock, he felt it give. For a second it oscillated, then crashed down the mountain straight for the group of Austro-Bulgarians, loosening other smaller rocks in its descent. Two of the Bulgars were unable to get out of its path, and they were extinguished.

Elihu stood up and let out a yell he had not known himself capable of producing. He pulled the trigger of his automatic, and the bullets "pinged" about the heads below, while the mountains tossed the echoes joyously back and forth.

"We've got 'em, boys!" he shouted, when his pistol was empty. "Let 'em have it!"

Aneste, not slow to follow a lead, was also firing and yelling like a demon.

Never had this band of *commitajees* fallen into such a perfect ambushade. A force ten times their own had surrounded them; had mined the mountain side to overwhelm them; and was annihilating them with machine guns. They dropped their own guns and swarmed up the opposite side of the mountain with the speed of goats. By the time the two attackers had reloaded their automatics, the only *commitajees* to be seen were three whom the boulder and one of their shots had accounted for.

Though their victory had been complete, it was no time to rest on their laurels. Elihu and Aneste scrambled back to the trail with all speed. Nor did they tarry to learn whether there was any come back to the Bulgarians. The adventure had given new life to their tired limbs, and they hurried on their way to make up for the time they had lost.

Dawn broke in wonderful colors that glorified the desolate country.

"It is only a few kilometers more to where we shall intercept the German," Aneste announced. "Then we shall have horses to ride back — or we shall have no need of horses."

Elihu needed the stimulus of the news; for he

was so tired that it required a separate effort of will to lift his foot at each step. He stumbled near the edge of a precipice, and reeled, his balance gone. Aneste saw his danger, and sprang to his aid. He caught him, but at the same instant his own ankle doubled under him, as he stepped on a rolling stone.

The two men fell to earth — safe; but when Aneste tried to get up he could not stand on his right foot. He sat on the ground and unwound the puttie from his left leg, and asked Elihu to bind it tightly around his right ankle.

Again he tried to walk. It was an impossibility.

“Lean on me. Let me carry you,” Elihu urged.

“No. We should be too late. You must go on alone. I will drag myself along the ground as fast as I can.”

It was one of those tragedies so commonplace as not even to be dramatic. Nothing was to be done except for Elihu to continue by himself.

“Take my pistol, too. You may need both,” Aneste said.

“But that will leave you utterly defenceless.”

“If you succeed, you return for me. If not, I die anyway,” the Greek answered stoically. “There is no time to lose. You must go.”

Reproaching himself bitterly for his awkwardness, which had caused this catastrophe, Elihu left the brave fellow crawling along on hands and knees.

It was now comparatively easy for the American to follow the trail which had been so blind to him when he had started on it only the evening before. He hurried forward at top speed, fearing lest these various delays should have made him late, and within the hour came to the road. He breathed a huge sigh of relief when he felt sure that he had indeed attained this objective.

Carefully he examined the road to see if there were any fresh hoofmarks. Assuredly no horse had passed that way within twenty-four hours.

So much then had been accomplished. Now he had only to wait for the Hun. It was a blessed relief to be able to sit still after more than thirty hours' continuous riding and walking. He established himself in a strategic position behind a large rock, at a sharp curve in the road. When the Hun should appear around the jutting corner of the rock, he would find himself covered by an automatic pistol, and absolutely at the American's mercy. If the German surrendered the cross without a struggle, and his arms as well, there would

be no bloodshed. Otherwise — Elihu shrugged his shoulders. He was too tired to care much whether he had to exterminate a Hun or not.

Thinking these thoughts, Elihu found his head nodding. He sprang to his feet and paced up and down to shake off all danger of drowsiness before sitting down again. He became unreasonably irritated at Falkenheim: what kind of a soldier was he to be loafing along at this time in the morning, when engaged on so important a mission?

His irritation increased to a flare of anger, as time continued to pass without any sign of Falkenheim. A life and death struggle was far preferable to this fight against the lead weighing down his eyelids, dragging at his limbs. There are times when men sleep, though they know they will die for it. It was not the fear of death which kept Elihu awake. Death was nothing compared to the betrayal of the trust reposed in him.

When both are at full tide, the mind is far stronger than the body; but in the uttermost stages of exhaustion it becomes again the fable of the hare and the tortoise. The hour-long minutes dragged interminably on. Again and again Elihu sprang to his feet; rubbed his eyes; bit his own hand till the blood answered his teeth; sat on a pointed rock;

did everything he could think of to prevent his falling asleep. Still Falkenheim did not come.

Why should young Falkenheim hasten? He was not in an enemy country: King Constantine, Queen Sophie, and the court circle dominated old Greece. They had chased out Venizelos, browbeaten his adherents, and perverted the army. Falkenheim could sleep late, if it pleased him. He was riding on his way, now, through the glorious sunshine, rested, well-fed, and on a fresh and mettlesome mount, a surefooted Balkan mare who could go over the rough ground without a misstep. And, secure in his breast-pocket, was that which would surely win him promotion and a decoration.

He breathed in the clear Balkan air, which is so stimulating that a man can walk all day on a cup of coffee and hardly feel fatigue, and the wine of Youth, and Hope, and Teutonic Arrogance flowed through his veins. It is a peculiarly pleasant sensation to know that one belongs to a race incontestably superior to all others, and from that race to have been chosen for an important mission, upon the fate of which great military successes depend. And above all else it is exhilarating to feel that one has fulfilled that mission well, and that one is now on the

turn journey to wine, women, and that sweetest songs: praise of oneself.

To one young, and strong, and military-trained a few hardships Falkenheim had to undergo only a zest to the undertaking; yet for all his confidence and his joy-of-living the Prussian was not proceeding carelessly. There was the constant chance of encountering one of the irregular bands of Bulgars, or of Germans who infested the Neutral zone. These, when occasion offered, fell upon any small detachments of Venizelists or of the Allies who might wander out from Salonica; although their main purpose was to bring news, orders, and money from the Kaiser to his henchman, Constantine.

Falkenheim was provided with papers to protect him against these bands; yet German-like he trusted no paper as little as possible. For the Bulgars especially were mere *committajees* — worse than highwaymen — to whom rapine was a regular vocation; and it was more than probable that they would shoot him first, and examine his papers afterwards, especially as he had a prosperous air which indicated that his pickings would be well worth while. His horse and rifle alone would catch a *committajee's* eye a mile away.

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corner of jutting rock, and ten yards in front of him saw a man seated, his head sunk forward upon his breast, in deep slumber.

Instinctively the Hun reined in his horse, with a gesture of warning to his Bulgarian orderly. For just an instant he was undecided whether to proceed, or to turn and flee. Was this a trap set for him? But if it was, he was already in it. His hesitation vanished: he dismounted, threw his reins to the Bulgar, and approached the sleeping figure. For a large man he moved with speed and quietness.

Thus it happened that when Elihu awoke, in response to a none too gentle thrust of a Prussian boot, he looked straight into the muzzle of a magazine rifle of the latest and most efficient pattern produced by the well known Krupp works.

So sodden with sleep was Elihu, from his two nights' abstention and his great fatigue that at the first question delivered in guttural German, he only stared open-mouthed. Apparently he understood no word.

Falkenheim reached over and plucked his two automatics from his prisoner. "Get up!" he growled, and, as Elihu did not instantly obey, he brutally kicked him twice. It was a universal language,

and so was the gesture which commanded him to hold up his hands. When convinced his captive had no more weapons, the Hun scrutinized him carefully, took in his clothes with their unmistakable English cut, and then, in excellent English, asked:

“Who are you?”

It was a question Elihu saw no profit in answering. He continued to stare idiotically at his captor. His awakening had been so brusque that he had had no time to realize the full meaning of what had happened. Now the horror of his situation burst like a revelation upon him. At the climacteric point he had failed: he had committed that which all nations punish by death — he had fallen asleep at his post. He had failed not only his nation and her allies: he had failed her who had trusted him. Having gained the advantage on the Prussian, he had permitted it to slip away from him. It was not the almost sure death awaiting him at the hands of the Hun that sent the beads of anguish to his brow, but that he in whom Artemis had placed her faith, should have proved unworthy of it. He made no excuses for himself, gave no thought to the many continuous hours of riding and walking which had been almost more than human endurance could stand: the great black fact remained that he

had failed in his trust nothing could wipe out the stain of that from his mind.

Upon his features such utter anguish was depicted that Falkenheim laughed aloud; for he was a complete product of the German system with its doctrine of the efficacy of Frightfulness, and the anguish of his victims, be they men or women, was an exquisite part of his triumphs. His pleasure could only have been keener if he had known that this man, whom he could kick or kill at will, had set out to wrest from him those laurels of success upon which he had been pluming himself

But his triumph was quite agreeable enough without this knowledge. By his clothes, his captive must belong to the race which the Prussian had spent many hours learning to hate. England by her pigheaded espousal of the cause of Belgium and France, had delayed the Fatherland's overlordship of the world — and had rendered its fulfilment infinitely more costly. But for England the war would have been over long ago, and he himself at the present minute might be enjoying himself in Paris — the victor, with a victor's right to all that he cared to demand. He gloated over having one of the hated race in his power — to torment, and then to rid the earth of.

“Who are you?” he repeated in English

Still Elihu spoke no word. The first bitter moments of self-reproach had seared the sleep from his brain. Though his case appeared hopeless, he was a true Anglo-Saxon, and never fought so resolutely as when the odds were most against him. By the gloating and vindictive look on the face of the Hun he read his thoughts fairly accurately. Could Elihu, by any ruse, camouflage his nationality? His London-made clothes spoke plainly, but there were many all over the world whose clothes came from London. If he were taken for a Greek, or for any of the Balkan nationalities, his execution might be delayed. But how to pose as one of them without speaking their language fluently? As an Englishman — or worse yet, as an American — he stood no earthly chance, for with the Prussian, war was a business — as killing is with the butcher. He feels none of the sporting instinct of the Englishman, nor of the *gloire militaire* of the Frenchman. What he possesses to the full is the pure brutal desire to exterminate those opposed to his will.

Something of the primitive instinct which makes the rabbit sit quiet and indistinguishable amid the dried leaves when his enemy is approaching, must have moved Elihu to keep on staring at his captor as

if he understood no word. His shoulders were drooping, his whole manner dejected and submissive.

"There's no fight in this specimen, but is the fool dumb?" Falkenheim muttered to himself, and queried sharply in French: "Do you speak French?"

Elihu let his jaw drop, and without otherwise moving a muscle continued to stare at the Hun.

The latter was convinced that he was still not understood, and tried Greek, Bulgarian, Serbian, and Roumanian without success. Falkenheim's linguistic ability was his great vanity. Indeed it was on account of this talent that he had been assigned to the Balkans, even before the war broke out.

Elihu's dumb stupidity finally made him lose his temper. "If he can't speak, I'll blow his head off," he growled, and raised his gun deliberately.

This was a language anyone could understand, and it was no bluff. The risk of speaking had become less than the risk of remaining silent.

At that instant Falkenheim saw a ray of intelligence light up the face of his captive—perceived what almost seemed to be a flicker of amusement on his lips—and quite glibly these words were uttered: "Igery dogery knowgery whatgery yougery wantgery." (Elihu had not thought of "hog-Greek" since his school days.)

"*Was ist dass?* The *Esel* can talk, but what is his language?"

"Whatgery yougery wantgery?" Elihu replied gravely.

Falkenheim scratched his head. This was a branch of linguistic education which even German thoroughness had overlooked.

"That isn't any of the regular Balkan languages," the Prussian said to himself. He was puzzled and annoyed, for the words had a curious illusively familiar sound, and yet he could make out no meaning.

Humbly and earnestly, as if trying to convey some information to his captor, Elihu went on:

"Yougery biggery stiffgery, Igery willgery knockgery offgery yourgery blockgery, ifgery yougery givegery megery halfgery agery chancegery."

"It must be some dialect that rascally Bulgar of mine may know. Hey! Torpoff, can you —"

Half turning from the dejected figure of his prisoner to speak to his orderly, he got no farther. On the instant a wildcat seemed to have landed on him. The distraction of attention was what Elihu had been working for, and he threw himself upon the Prussian with all the pent-up fury inspired by the kicks he had received, in addition to his own

fury against himself for having fallen asleep. If ever a man felt reprieved from worse than death — from remorse at having failed in that which his heart most desired — that man was Elihu. Falkenheim was really as strong as he. But with Elihu's fingers on his throat, with his knees in his stomach, with blows raining down on his face, he stood as much chance as a fat pig under the claws of a leopard.

Torpoﬀ, the Bulgarian, drew his pistol from its holster and took careful aim. It was diﬃcult to shoot the American, however, without danger of hitting the German, and he delayed pulling the trigger. The delay gave him time to think, and presently a smile of cunning overspread his dark countenance.

The Bulgarian race is not quick-witted, but give it time enough and it can find its own profit in most things. If it be a question of religion it will turn Orthodox, or Catholic, or Protestant — at a price — and back again on a raise.

In the present situation there loomed up before Torpoﬀ an opportunity for profit such as comes to a man hardly once a life-time. He knew that the German officer carried papers of tremendous importance. What more simple than to kill both men, take from the body of the lieutenant the

papers, and himself bring them to German headquarters? In an expansive moment, after a huge meal, Falkenheim had boasted of the rewards that were to be given him for bringing the documents from Greece. Why not obtain this reward himself?

Slowly Torpoff pieced together a plausible story: a valiant defence against overwhelming numbers; the documents entrusted to him by the mortally wounded officer with the command to save them at all hazards. A few bullet-holes through his own coat, and his horse galloped to the verge of death, would add verisimilitude to his account — which, moreover, would be fully substantiated by the bodies of Falkenheim and the other man.

Torpoff raised his pistol again and aimed at the struggling men on the ground. Unfortunately for him his horse was gun-shy, and at the raised pistol sidled away, and spoiled Torpoff's aim. The bullet grazed Elihu's shoulder, and kicked up a handful of dirt beyond him. It did more than that. It reminded the American that he had two adversaries to fight; and as the Bulgarian's horse, frightened by the shot, reared, and knocked the pistol from the man's hand, with his head, Elihu gave a catapult leap off the German, and seized Falkenheim's rifle lying on the ground.

Within the minute the situation had become strangely reversed. Elihu now had both men utterly in his power, and put the gun to his shoulder with the full intention of first shooting the man on the horse, and then the German.

But no matter how full of fury a normal American may be, he finds it hard to kill a man — even a Hun — except in self-defence. And even as Elihu squinted along the barrel, the civilization which we have been breeding into our race for so many years asserted itself, and instead of pulling the trigger, he thundered:

“Hold up your hands?”

With the muzzle of a magazine gun staring him out of countenance, the Bulgarian, struggling to control his frightened horses, made an attempt to obey which under other circumstances would have been laughable. Elihu's glance dropped to Falkenheim, who had risen to a sitting position, and the lieutenant's hands shot up over his head, like a jack-in-the box. Discipline is excellent in the German army, and it seems to have bred in every man jack of them an instinct to elevate the hands above the head whenever the odds are not on their side. The lieutenant did not for an instant contemplate attacking Elihu, so long as the latter was armed,

and he himself unarmed. Those things were not done in the German army, or he might have been more on his guard against the American in the beginning.

Elihu ordered Falkenheim to lie face downward on the ground while he searched him for other weapons. To disarm the Bulgarian, on horseback, was a bit more ticklish. He carried it out by proxy. With the muzzle of the rifle in the nape of Falkenheim's neck, he ordered the Hun to remove from its holster and drop on the ground the rifle of the Bulgarian.

With beads of cold sweat standing out on his brow, Falkenheim performed this task with German thoroughness and efficiency. After Elihu was convinced that he had no weapon to fear on either of his enemies, he said to the Bulgarian:

"Now you can take down your hands. Dismount, and keep well hold of your horses. If you let one of them go, I shall shoot you."

The announcement was made quite simply, but it carried conviction, and the Bulgarian dismounted holding on to the reins of both horses with rare care. The horses were taken up a little gulch and tethered to some stunted pines.

"And now, having taken all I have," Falkenheim

said with pretended bitterness, "I suppose you will turn me loose in this wild country to starve."

Elihu threw back his head and laughed. "Oh, you subtle psychologist!"

"Psychologist? What do you mean?"

"By the power of suggestion trying to get me to turn you loose in this wilderness 'to starve!' You, with your belly full of food, and a band of Germans or Bulgars likely to turn up within a day's march, — *and the Cross of the Byzas in your pocket!*"

The unexpectedness of the last words visibly startled the Hun.

"It was a pretty scheme," Elihu continued, "and how you would have bragged at having outwitted the Yankee. Well, before we discuss your fate any further, hand me that cross."

"Never!" cried Falkenheim tossing back his head.

Very slowly, almost as if he were an automation, working by clockwork, Elihu raised the gun until it pointed straight into Falkenheim's left eye. To the boche it seemed as if an hour passed in the process.

"One!" said the American. . . . "Two!"

"I give it to you! Here it is. At once, sir."

The floodgates of self-control gone, he feverishly brought it forth from an inner pocket, and tendered it to Elihu.

"Open it?" The aim of the gun did not move one tenth of an inch from Falkenheim's left eye.

"Yes, sir." His skin crinkling with the vivid fear of death, and his fingers clumsy from eagerness, he opened the cross. "Here it is, you see — the papers — quite intact."

"Tear them in two . . . Again! Don't drop a single piece. There, that's good. Now we will try to keep you from 'starving in this wild country.' Eat those papers. Don't swallow them. Chew them up. Fletcherize!"

Falkenheim masticated the plans of the fortifications of Salonica as if they were the most appetizing *braten*, while Elihu gradually permitted his gun to sink to a more convenient posture.

"Chew till I tell you to stop . . . Open your mouth . . . Now swallow!"

"But sir — lacking water — even pills I never could — "

Without a word, Elihu brought his gun up till it pointed again straight into Falkenheim's left eye.

"Oh! Say no more. I will swallow," and desperately the Hun gulped down the unsavory mouthful.

"And now that you have had your little meal, I suppose you feel strong for work," Elihu said gravely.

"There is a chap a mile or so from here who has

sprained his ankle. I am sure it will please your kind heart to bring succor to him. *En avant, mes enfants!* as they say in France. Up the path we go."

Elihu's gravely ironical tone puzzled Falkenheim, and with his keen German intelligence he believed not a word he said; but he was playing for his life and offered no objections. As for Torpoff, his education included neither French nor English, but he was very amenable to signs, and the three set out briskly for Aneste. They came upon him painfully crawling along the ground.

When Falkenheim found that he was actually expected to help carry him, his pride of caste was outraged.

"I am an officer, and of noble blood. Before this war is over I shall be *von* Falkenheim. As for this peasant, my orderly can carry him." Haughtily he turned his back.

With two sleepless nights and the physical strain he had undergone, Elihu's usually equable temper had become rough as the edge of a saw. The insolence of the Hun made him see red.

He was two paces away. Like a football player gathering impetus for a place kick, he took a swift step forward with his left foot, and planted his

right upon the rear of the bulky German, with all his force.

Falkenheim let out a bellow, and fell upon all fours.

"Damn you! Pick that man up!"

The line of argument perfectly suited the comprehension of the Prussian. His pride of caste sank into abeyance, and he forgot about his chances for prefixing "von" to his name. With the sullen, cringing obedience of the beaten wild animal, he lifted Aneste's legs, while Torpoff raised his shoulders.

Elihu shepherded the cavalcade. He was a trifle ashamed of his outburst, and remarked, grimly apologetic:

"That wasn't an American kick: that was a boche kick. It's against my principles to kick a man when he's defenceless. That was one of those you gave me when *you* held the gun. There's another one due you, and if you ask for it, you'll get it."

The lieutenant seethed. He would have faced certain death on the battle-field bravely enough, at the order of his superior officer; but to be forced to perform this menial task at the command of a civilian — a civilian belonging to a race he despised, an unmilitary, money-grubbing nation that Ger-

many was only awaiting a favorable leisure moment to reduce to vassalage, goaded his pride into delirium.

Hardly able to see from rage, he stumbled onward. The sun shone hot, and his feet in their cavalry boots hurt him, and the jagged rocks reached out their horny hands and rasped him, and the tight military collar around his neck was like a weight upon a safety valve.

Savagely but surreptitiously he bumped Aneste against one of the jutting rocks. He thought his action unperceived, but as a thunderclap follows the lightning flash, a stroke of the American's boot followed his own apparent clumsiness, and he let out a howl; for the second kick had landed exactly on the spot made tender by the first.

"Now you've got the other kick I had to return to you. There aren't any more. If you let Aneste bump against another rock, I shall put a bullet through you, and take your job myself. We're a mild-mannered race, we Americans, but teachable, and in the last year or two you've taught us a lot about frightfulness."

Upon the heavy, livid face of the Hun settled a look of mulish obstinacy. He made no reply, and slowly they tramped along the rocky pathway,

which was hard walking even for an unencumbered man.

At length the goal came in sight. Below them lay the road. They were a quarter of a mile from it and fifty yards above it, and in the little canyon beyond, the horses were still safely tethered. The risks of the journey were not at an end, however. The path ran along a shelf of rock, with a sheer precipice descending on their right. In one place it was less than two feet wide. Elihu breathed easier when it widened out again. But Falkenheim, staggering along, under the burden of Aneste's legs, did not draw away from the edge of the precipice.

"It is the end!" he said in a voice thick and guttural. "I stand no more. I, a Falkenheim, a German, have been kicked by you, a pig-dog of an American."

He glared around at Elihu, his face distorted with passion.

"I have been forced to carry this low-born Greek. It is not to be endured. I die — and he dies with me. I throw us both over the cliff. Ha! Ha!" he laughed hysterically as Elihu raised his gun. "You shoot. What does it matter? We fall over the cliff together. I care not. *Shoot!*"

His voice rose to a scream. Elihu could see that he meant what he said, and he stood so near the edge that had Elihu shot, Aneste would inevitably have fallen with him. When a man gets to the mood that he would die to spite his captor, the pointed gun has no longer any terrors for him. He was positively crazed with outraged pride of race and caste.

Elihu lowered his gun and stroked his chin thoughtfully. This was no time for threats. The more frantic state the Prussian worked himself into, the cooler it behooved the American to remain. He must gain time, if he were to save Aneste's life: must permit Falkenheim to have out his hysterics, and then bring him back to the realities.

"I admit I have been pretty rough with you, Lieutenant von Falkenheim," Elihu said, in a quiet, conversational voice — the "von" slipping out so easily it might have been an accident — "still that is no reason for forcing me to shoot you. You are young. You have a career before you. There is really no necessity of your dying. It would profit your country nothing, and it would be a pity to deprive the German army of a man who promises to become one of its great names. Moreover — I admit it's a weakness on my part — but I should

hate to put a bullet into you in cold blood, and have you and Aneste fall to the bottom of that cliff and get all mangled up together." ("Perhaps the distaste of mixing his aristocratic remains with the plebeian clay of the Greek may have some weight with him," came the whimsical idea athwart Elihu's mind. "Anyway, I've got to keep 'drooling on until he calms down and talks sense.") Briskly he went on:

"Come now, I'll make a bargain with you. There's not much further to go. Carry Aneste safely down, and I will promise you, and your man, your liberty."

Into the Hun's demented eyes crept a crafty look. Had the rôles been reversed, he would have shot at once, and the life of a common soldier would not have held him back a second. This American, then, must attach some sentimental value to the life of the Greek, since he offered him his own liberty in exchange. For a German, Falkenheim was displaying considerable insight into the psychology of a man of another race. His mind working cunningly, he shook his head again.

Savagely Elihu raised his gun. "Come away from that cliff or I shoot!"

The demoniac hatred deepened on Falkenheim's

face, and he shifted a shade nearer the verge of the cliff. Elihu's bluff had failed.

The American lowered his gun, and laughed good-naturedly.

"Well, how'll you trade?"

"Trade? What do you mean? The Falkenheims are not in trade."

"Let's see if diplomacy cannot repair the ravages of war. Here are four of us: three are likely to be dead within the next few minutes. The only one who will be alive, will be myself. That would seem to give me the whip-hand. But as I said I'm not especially thirsting for your gore, and I should like to bring this Greek back safely to the bosom of his family. For these reasons I am willing to make you the offer of your life and liberty — and I will add the bonus of one of the horses for your pursuit of happiness. In exchange you are to carry Aneste to the bottom of this trail. That is certainly a generous proposition."

Elihu was purposely speaking lightly, in order to bring Falkenheim back to the commonplace plane of life, a plane on which life and the pursuit of happiness is better worth while than to die for spite.

"Yes, I know what you would do," the boche sneered. "You promise me my liberty now that

you have need of my services. When we reach the road you shoot me just the same."

"And my word of honor?" Elihu asked icily.

"Honor! Honor in war!"

"Ah! I forgot. You see war as it is made by you is something I am not familiar with," Elihu said blandly.

"No, you damned civilians should keep out of war. By the Hague convention you deserve to be stood up against a wall and shot," Falkenheim returned with passionate resentment. "You would save this peasant's life. *Gut!* We will 'trade' as you say in your vulgar American way, — but it will not depend on honor. Throw your gun and your pistols over the cliff, so that you cannot play me false. Then I lay him down and go my way. I will besides give you my 'word of honor' to leave you my man's horse. He is a surly brute and I do not care if he walks."

"The terms do not seem to take into consideration that *I* hold the gun," Elihu remarked dryly.

"If it is too hard a bargain, I throw him over the cliff. Then you will have something to shoot me for — I know you will shoot me anyway. I am tired of carrying him."

The Prussian was not bluffing. Convinced that

his life was forfeited in any case, and dominated by an ecstasy of hate, he fairly gloated over the satisfying of his blood-lust by killing one of his enemies before his own turn came.

Aneste's dark eyes looked up at Elihu. He had understood no word, yet had formed a fairly accurate idea of what was passing, and bravely he spoke:

"Your Excellency need not think of me. If I die, tell my wife it was for Greece."

As vividly as if they stood in his presence there rose before Elihu the picture of Aneste's young wife with her baby. He could not bring the bitterest sorrow upon them, if it lay in his power to prevent it. And after all there was no reason why he should push Falkenheim too far. He had gained all his objects. He had the Cross of the Byzas, and the plans of Salonica were irrevocably destroyed. Besides he rather admired the German's present sturdy resistance: it was the first time he had felt any fellow feeling for him.

"I agree to your terms," he said. "Your life for Aneste's, and we share the horses."

"That is the bargain. And you throw away your weapons."

The American tossed his gun over the cliff, next his pistol, and then Aneste's.

For a moment Falkenheim stood dazed. He was perceiving a miracle. Then his brutal laugh rang out.

"Aha! you Yankee swine! The Prussian has outwitted you in the end. Now we are two to one — and your time has come."

Horror crisped Elihu's flesh as he saw the Hun give a preparatory swing to Aneste's legs, and heave them over the cliff. In spite of the warning the German had given about his own standards of honor, Elihu had not conceived the possibility that there existed a man so base as this. The Prussian had indeed outwitted the Yankee.

There is a righteous anger which surpasses in intensity any other, and in the blinding flash of realization, Elihu sprang at his enemies — two to one though they were — with greater ferocity than any wild beast, and in his onslaught almost forced both of them over the precipice. The Bulgarian dropped Aneste's shoulders, and turned with his master to overpower the American.

Clutched in a death-grip, the three men swayed to and fro in the cramped space. The rôles were again reversed, and it was Elihu who was striving with all his might to drag the other two to destruction; while Falkenheim, to whom the love of life

had suddenly returned, was desperately trying to free himself from the clutch of the man dragging him down to death. But for the advantage which his very recklessness gave Elihu, the battle would have been quite unequal, since the Bulgarian and the German were each as strong as he. The nearness of the precipice fought for him, however, in making them cautious, where he spent no thought on his own safety.

"*Achtung!*" the Hun yelled, as they reeled toward the edge. "This *Teufel* will kill us all together."

Bitter and furious was the fight, the men panting and grunting from their supreme efforts, while on the edge of the cliff clung Aneste, his legs hanging down into the abyss, his hands desperately clawing at the rocks to keep from going over. For a full minute the weight of a feather might have overbalanced him. Once his hand slipped, and he was almost gone. Then he gained the little difference which spelled salvation. He drew himself up on the path, and, with an expression on his face the Hun might not have liked to see, crawled toward the fighters.

"*Donnerwatter!* he is strong!" Falkenheim grunted. "Kick him in the stomach! Gouge out his eyes! He has my arms so I cannot."

With the best will in the world, the Bulgarian found it difficult to obey his master.

Along the ground, like some huge creeping insect, crawled Aneste.

Bracing himself with a quick backward step against being forced over the cliff, Falkenheim planted his foot within the reach of the Greek. Aneste's fingers closed around his ankle —

CHAPTER XIII

WHEN the rowboat bearing Artemis Byzas in her *Evzone* disguise neared the French cruiser, a sharp challenge came out of the dark.

"Qui va là?"

Artemis stood up, and through her hollowed hands called back:

"A messenger from Athens."

There were quick footsteps on the cruiser, and when the rowboat reached the gangway two young officers and three marines with rifles were waiting to receive her.

Lightly Artemis stepped out of the rowboat.

"It is of the utmost importance that I should see the commandant at once," she said.

The older of the two officers scrutinized her carefully. He recognized the uniform, and the authority in her voice impressed him. After an instant's hesitation he bowed slightly.

"Come with me," he said, and preceded Artemis up the steps to the deck.

Shortly afterwards she was ushered into the commandant's cabin. He was sitting on the edge of his bed, wrapped in his dressing-gown. The Frenchman, peering intently into her face, asked sternly:

"Who sent you here?"

"No one, *mon commandant*. I came to beg your help to reach Salonica as soon as possible."

An angry look passed over the ruddy face of the officer. Contemptuously he answered:

"Your uniform precludes you from going to Salonica, and how dare you come at this hour? Are you a madman, or do you think I am an imbecile?"

"I am no more a madman than you are an imbecile, commandant. It is for the sake of France and the civilized world, as well as for Greece, that I ask this."

"If it is for the sake of France, then it is to me you can speak. You need not go to Salonica."

"Forgive me, commandant, if I must be cautious even toward you. It is to Mr. Venizelos and to Mr. Venizelos alone that I can speak."

"As you have said, we must be cautious. Why

should I trust you?" Pointing to her uniform he asked with grim drollery: "Is it *this* I must trust — or is your face your fortune?"

"You have every reason to mistrust my uniform," she admitted, "but for the safety of Salonica, I *must* see Mr. Venizelos at once. Oh! even now it may be too late."

"You say you must see Mr. Venizelos. And what tells me you will not try to shoot or stab him, when you are in his presence?"

"You can see that this bayonet is my only arm. Take it. I could have no weapon concealed in this uniform. But do not trust me. Tie my hands behind my back, and send two officers with me. If Mr. Venizelos does not vouch for me after he sees me — then shoot me for a spy. But if he does, I should like to be brought back here again as soon as my mission is ended. Commandant, I cannot tell you more — but you will not regret helping me."

The commandant had been impressed in Artemis's favor from the beginning. The ring of sincerity, so difficult to counterfeit, was in her voice.

"You Greeks! You Greeks — *enfin*, I take it you are a Greek, although you speak French like a Frenchman."

Artemis bowed. "I am a Greek, but not a subject of his Hellenic Majesty."

"And in the uniform of his bodyguard, you are on your way to Salonica to betray him?"

The girl flinched at the phrase, yet she answered: "I wish to reach Salonica to do my duty to our common civilization, in whose forefront France has always stood. Will you not help me to do it?"

The commandant rose to his feet. "What sort of help do you expect from me?"

"To send me there in one of your torpedo boats, at top speed, and since it is important that I should not be recognized by anyone in Salonica, I should like to be landed at his house, which stands by the sea."

With arms crossed she stood awaiting his decision. Straight and slim, in the most picturesque of manly attire, she was a very attractive figure, and the man regarding her was more than the commandant of a cruiser. He was a Frenchman, with a soul susceptible to all artistic influences.

"It is possible," he temporized, "that you may never reach Salonica, even if I should send you. There are mines and submarines that may sink you. Then the important thing you have to say will go to the bottom of the sea."

"I have thought of that, commandant. If you decide to help me I will write a letter, which I shall beg you to put in your safe. If I reach my destination, you can destroy it. If not, you can send it either to Mr. Venizelos or to your own prime minister, as you choose — though I should prefer Mr. Venizelos to see it first. He ought to be the one to inform France of its contents."

For a minute longer the commandant pondered. "And if I refuse, will you go back to the Palace and resume your duties by his majesty?"

"I came to you, because I thought you would not refuse," the girl answered quietly.

"Had you heard that I was especially credulous?"

Artemis shook her head. "You are running no risk. You are head of the blockade, and I am totally in your power."

For still a few minutes more the Frenchman considered the question. Then he opened the door leading to his sitting-room, turned on the light, and motioned her to enter.

"Write your letter," he said brusquely, pointing to a desk.

The commandant went out and shut the door behind him. Artemis wrote her letter, read it over and made some additions, sealed it and addressed

it to Mr. Venizelos. There was nothing more to do except wait. She placed her elbows on the table and her head in her hands and had almost dozed off when the commandant returned, followed by his second in command.

"I have given you the fastest destroyer in the harbor," he said. "It will get you to Salonica in not much over half a day, if the industrious huns do not sink her. She will anchor near Mr. Venizelos's house, and a small boat will land you in his garden. If you will pardon us, we will take you at your word and have your hands shackled. If all is in order, you will be brought back by the same destroyer. This officer will conduct you."

Artemis thanked him, handed him her letter and followed the officer out. Only when she was gone, and the commandant sat thinking over the incident did he realise that he had helped this stranger almost solely because he had liked him. He was a stout, sturdy man, of vigorous middle age, but something about the slim *Evzone* had touched a hidden spring of romance in his soul. He chuckled to himself, murmuring: "I don't remember whether the son of Aphrodite ever grew up to be a youth of eighteen, and if he did, whether he wore an *Evzone* costume, — all I know is that with my eyes I have

seen, and with my lips have spoken to Eros to-night." He fell into a brown study, and once more was a collegian, reading his Greek history and mythology, and consorting with the gods.

Some one rapped at the door.

"*Entrez!*" he cried.

It was his first officer, the one who had just conducted Artemis to the destroyer.

"*Eh bien, mon commandant*, she is off."

"*She?*"

The first officer laughed "But, my commandant, a uniform, especially one so becoming, does not change a pretty girl into a boy."

"You think, then, it was a woman."

"But yes, I know who it was."

"You know! Then why did you not tell me?"

"I thought of course you knew, too, and that was why you sent her."

"Who is she?" the commandant asked.

"She is the young lady who is to become the wife of the *prince héritier*."

The commandant struck his knee with his palm. "*Nom de diable!*" he exclaimed, and again, "*Nom de diable!*" He touched his unshaven face, looked down at his bedroom slippers and his worn dressing-gown, and made a gesture of despair.

"I thought you knew," the first officer apologized again.

The commandant sprang from his chair and marched up and down the sitting-room, then planted himself before the first officer.

"What is she up to?" he demanded.

"Something good, I will wager. They say that she is everything that is noble in her race."

"She looks it."

The two Frenchmen caught each other's eyes and smiled. They were seafaring men and neither of them young, but both of them were sons of France — France with a soul that has never yet been beaten, France, with something god-like mixed with Tartarin de Tarascon and the eternal lover.

"She is the loveliest vision I have seen since the war began," the first officer said fervently.

"I thought her Eros masquerading," the commandant added. He went to his cupboard and took out a bottle of very old wine. Pouring the fluid drop by drop into two glasses, he offered one to this first officer and took the other himself. They raised their glasses high and touched them.

"To her success," said the commandant.

"To her return," added the first officer.

They drained the contents. The commandant put his hand on his first officer's shoulder.

"In the island of John Bull, after such a toast, they smash the glasses."

He threw his glass against the steel side of the boat and it tinkled into a thousand pieces. The first officer followed his example. They clasped hands, and being Frenchmen they kissed each other on the cheeks.

Although submarines were always lurking like hungry sharks outside of Salonica, it was remarkable how many ships passed in or out of the harbour. One large steamer lay in shallow water, on the right side, half submerged, but the fleet of little sailboats, each of which brought its load of food for the Allied armies, and carried away its load of empty gasoline tins, sailed on unmolested. Too small, apparently, to be worth a precious torpedo, they were not even shelled, lest this bring swift vengeance from plane, dirigible, or destroyer.

The one that bore the last of the Byzas, darting this way and that, like a giant swordfish, made its way safely into the besieged port, and Artemis, in the uniform of the King's Guard and with her hands

shackled, was brought into the presence of the greatest of modern Greeks.

Instantly he recognised her, and pointing to her handcuffs cried:

“What does this mean?”

“Your friends do not wish to run any risk for your safety. They did not know me, and I suggested it myself.”

With his own hands the great Cretan essayed to loosen her bonds, and turning to the French officers said warmly:

“With no one else could my life be safer.”

Apologizing, the officers loosened her hands. They had indeed subjected her to this indignity against their own inclination, since, during the trip from the Piraeus to Salonica, they had formed a warm liking for the young Greek, whose mentality had captivated them.

Artemis thanked them, and begged them to withdraw, now that Mr. Venizelos had vouched for her.

When she was alone with the statesman, who, to safeguard the honour of his country and to stand by its treaty obligations, had not hesitated to split that country in two and revolt against his king, the girl gave him her hand.

"The reason that brought me here is very sad indeed," she said.

Long and earnestly the two talked, the girl laying before him the plans of the Royalists, which if carried out would bring still greater dishonour upon the government in Athens, and destruction upon the Allied army in Salonica. She told him about the Cross of the Byzas and its contents, and of the American who had gone in pursuit of it.

The colour mounted to her face as she spoke of Elihu Peabody. Laughing, she pointed to her costume. "I don't make a bad *Evzone*, do I?" she exclaimed, as if this were the cause of her blushing.

"If all those who wear this costume had your heart and your courage, they would be a regiment of lions. But why, my child, did you take so great a risk? Could you not have sent me word by some one else?"

"I might. Spiro Millioti was very anxious to come, but I had two reasons for coming myself. First I was afraid Spiro might not be able to reach you as quickly as I, if at all; and second —" once more the colour mounted to her face, "I should have had to marry the *Diadoque*."

She laid her hand on his sleeve, and peering into his face asked wistfully:

"It isn't any longer necessary for Greece that I should marry him, is it? Since he and his dynasty have dishonoured our country, we can no longer regard them as legitimate. They are foreigners to us, and to all that is best in us, and they must go." Unconsciously her fingers tightened on his arm, as she went on earnestly: "The king must *not* be allowed to remain on the throne. The Powers must be made to see that so long as he is in Athens, so long will the Salonica army be in danger"

Mr. Venizelos nodded. "Where are you going from here?" he asked.

"I must return to Athens, for a few days. After that I can come back here and do what I can for you and your cause."

"Must you go to Athens?" the statesman asked.

Artemis hesitated, blushing furiously. The man she was talking with was reputed to have remarkable intuition. He saw that strong reasons were influencing her.

"Very well," he said, "return to Athens; but after that I should like you to go to France and England, and personally bring before the Prime Ministers of those countries the necessity for the dethronement. You, who were to be the wife of the Crown Prince, and who already know many of

the influential men in government circles, may be able to effect more than my ambassadors. More things go 'by favour' in this world than you may think."

"But why — why must we plead for the dethronement? What are the forces which keep a man on the throne who has repeatedly tricked and deceived the Entente Powers?"

The statesman did not answer. Even to this girl, whom he admired more than any other Greek woman, he would not say a word in criticism of France and England, in whom he had such confidence that it could not be shaken even by the colossal mistakes of their Near Eastern policy.

Artemis was nettled at his silence. She tossed her head.

"Of course I understand that he is a king — and kings stand by one another. It is their obligation to the guild. Let us hope that this war will clean out at least those who are nothing but encumbrances. And now, Mr. Venizelos, could you send for a lawyer? I have no control over the principal of my property, but I wish to make over the entire income of the Byzas fortune to your government for the duration of the war, to be used for the necessities of the army. It is what the Byzas have always

done — it is what my grandfather would have done had he been living. In this hour all we have must go to our nation's support."

"Then how will you live?"

"I have my mother's dowry. That must suffice me."

With the two French officers Artemis stayed to dinner, and thereafter in due course of time, and without adventure, she arrived once more at the French cruiser in the Piraeus. The commandant himself came out to receive her, and she saw at once from his manner that he knew who she was.

"I did not sleep till I heard by wireless that you were safe," he said warmly. "Why did you not tell me who you were?"

"I did not know but that if I told you, you would mistrust not only the uniform but what was in it," Artemis answered, seriously.

He shook his finger at her. "Did I not trust even the uniform, after I had had a few words with you?"

"I shall always be grateful to you, commandant, for having so quickly helped me. Your officers will tell you that I enjoy Mr. Venizelos's confidence."

"And what are your plans now, mademoiselle?"

We can place a boat at your disposal and send you directly to France."

"It is possible that I shall have to ask such a favour of you in a few days; but just now, after asking your hospitality till nightfall, I must go back to Athens once more."

Surely you are not thinking of returning there," the Frenchman cried. "It will be most unwise. It is not as if our minister were there to protect you."

"The American minister is there," Artemis replied, "and America is our ally now."

"Ah! that great republic! She will see the thing through, with her resources, her inexhaustible manhood, and her indomitable courage. I know the Americans, and I know they will fight for an ideal. We have nothing to fear now."

"We never had anything to fear," Artemis protested, "since France and England were fighting side by side."

The commandant bowed. "But, mademoiselle," he persisted, "I do not at all like the idea of your going to Athens."

"Go, I must, however."

"Then we shall have to send an escort with you." Vehemently Artemis shook her head.

"No, no, commandant! It must not be said

that one of my family touched Greek soil protected by foreign bayonets. When I go, I go alone."

"If anything should happen to you I could never forgive myself, and my superiors would have every right to punish me for negligence of duty," he pleaded. "Even kings sometimes have to enter their countries protected by foreign bayonets."

"It would have been better for the kings of France if they had never done so," Artemis replied.

The commandant was a staunch republican. "It has proved best for France that the kings have gone—but the cases are not parallel: you are serving Greece and the civilized world; the kings thought only of themselves."

Unpersuaded Artemis shook her head. "I thank you, but you cannot help me now, except by letting me rest here until nightfall."

The commandant insisted no more. He placed his suite at her disposal and bade her have a good rest. With his first officer, however, he had a long conversation on the subject, and the fears of the one strengthened those of the other.

"If she will not let us protect her openly, we must do so by stealth," the first officer agreed. "They must be on the lookout for her, and if she falls into their hands —"

"There are Germans in the Palace at this moment, directing the government, and we have learned that not even a woman's life and honor are safe with the Germans."

"They would certainly kidnap her and force her to marry the Crown Prince; for if the people heard that she had turned against the Royalists, it would have a tremendous reaction among them."

"We can at least see that she gets safely to her own house—and then notify the American minister. That would be some protection."

"Yes," the first officer replied. "I know the American minister. To protect a woman he would care no more for the pro-German party than for diplomatic etiquette. He would go through the Palace like a roaring bull, if he were roused."

The commandant chuckled. "I would give a year's pay to see the King try to bluff him, if he went after Mademoiselle Artemis."

Artemis and the two French officers had their evening meal together in the commandant's private saloon. Afterwards he went to his safe and brought forth the letter Artemis had entrusted to him, and tendered it to her.

She did not take it. "It is yours now," she said.

"Thank you!" He lighted a match and burned it up. "And now, mademoiselle, it is dark, and I think it would be safer for you to go to Athens, rather than later. I presume you will want to be landed near the station, where you will be more easily able to find a taxi or carriage."

When they stepped out into the clear starlit night there was already waiting a cutter manned by eight rowers. All was quiet in the harbour. Even the last of the little Greek row-boats had gone which all day long hovered around the cruiser, with one man at the oars and one in the prow, to fish up any bits of bread that might be thrown overboard, — so much the blockade had done for them.

There were not many lights from land. A few tapers gleamed from the poor refugees on the quay, and some from town; but it was a half-strangled city lying before them — strangled by the blockade, which had stopped all trade, all means of livelihood, for a large part of the inhabitants.

Through all this desolation, hidden by the wonders of the Attic night, the cutter flew over the water, under the splendid rhythmic rowing of the *demoiselles au pompons rouges*, as the Germans had nicknamed the French sailors. There were a number of other sailors, besides the rowers, clustered in

the bow — an unusual number, had Artemis been suspicious.

The girl, wrapped in a long, military cloak, which the commandant had made her put on, sat beside him in the stern. The sailors glanced at her with unobtrusive curiosity. There was mystery in the whole situation, and rumours had floated about the ship. Nor was it usual for the commandant himself to escort a Greek *Evzone*, with such manifest deference.

At the quay the commandant stepped from the boat and offered Artemis his hand. She laid hers lightly in his and sprang ashore, needing little help.

The Frenchman raised her hand to his lips and kissed it.

“*Au revoir, mon Evzone*, and remember that the sooner we can send you safely to France the better we shall like it.”

Before he could realize what she was about to do, she had bent swiftly down and kissed his hand.

“Little Greece is grateful to great France,” she said. “*Au revoir!*”

She walked away toward the station. At the same moment a young ensign appeared from the dark, and saluted the commandant.

“The two automobiles are in readiness.”

From the boat sprang a number of sailors. They divided into two squads, each under command of an ensign.

"Whatever you do, don't let her suspect your presence, unless it is absolutely necessary. A boat will be awaiting you here."

The sailors disappeared into the night, walking softly.

Artemis was unable to find a taxi in the square by the station of the electric railway. Of the two carriages she chose the one with the least starved looking horses, and told the driver to take her up to the tennis courts by the Temple of Jupiter. She chose that place because she thought there would be less likelihood of anyone noticing her getting out of the carriage there than at almost any place she could think of. Interminably the horses plodded along. As the carriage passed by the Acropolis, Artemis peered forth, trying to discover whether anyone were on watch for her. She could not even be sure that her note to Elihu had not fallen into Palace hands, and although it had been cryptic, there were keen minds pitted against her, and something might have put them on the scent. At the tennis courts she paid off the driver, watched him out of sight, then walked back to the Acropolis.

For some time she stood near the lower gate, and observing no sign of life, made her way up to the upper gate. There softly she called "Megacles!" several times, without result. Fearing to raise her voice, she decided to climb the high, iron railing. Had she known the admiration with which fourteen pairs of eyes were watching her feat, from the grassy slopes below, she might have been disconcerted; but the commandant's injunction had been well obeyed, and Artemis believed herself quite alone.

Inside she rattled Megacles's door until he wakened. When the light from his candle shone upon her face, he first made the sign of the cross vehemently, then fell upon his knees and kissed her feet.

"Thank God! you are well again," he cried.

"Well?" she queried. Then she saw a look of terror come into Megacles's eyes, and she guessed that he thought her out of her mind.

"Kyria Artemis, how did you get here?" he cried. "And in this costume? You are ill. You must return to the Palace at once. You do not know what you are doing."

"Listen, Megacles, I am not ill, and I am not out of my mind. I escaped from the Palace, and I have been to Salonica."

"You have been to Salonica!" he exclaimed in wonderment. "Why, only this noon the doctors gave out a bulletin telling how ill you were, and that you might not be able to leave your room for several weeks, because Spiro's death —"

"Spiro's death!" echoed the girl. A sudden faintness came over her. So the worst she had feared had come to pass. "Spiro's death," she repeated, "how did he die?"

"You do not know?" the keeper asked excitedly. "Then perhaps *that* is not true either."

"If they say he is dead, I fear it is too true. How do they say he died?"

"He was cleaning his automatic pistol, and it accidentally went off."

"They shot him themselves, Megacles!" she cried passionately. "They killed him; and Spiro Millioti, so sturdy and strong, is no longer among the living. If ever a man died in the service of his country, that man is our Spiro."

Trembling and miserable, she leaned against the wall of the little house. By a curious trick of the mind, in her great sorrow and agitation, she remembered telling Elihu Peabody that Spiro was her walking shadow, and that when he should cease to be, she herself would cease to be what she was. What

then was going to happen to her that she should no longer be Artemis Byzas? The tears surged from her heart to her eyes; but they did not fall. The long practice of suppression unconsciously dominated her.

When she could speak again, she returned from the dead to the living, and asked:

"Has anyone been coming to the Acropolis at night?"

"No one that I know of," Megacles answered uncertainly, scratching his head.

Artemis shook his arm. "It is very important that I should know. Are you not sure?"

Sheepishly Megacles confessed: "Some time ago I gave a key to a young American who loves Greece very much, and who likes to come here at night."

In a voice that sounded unlike her own, Artemis managed to ask: "Who is he? What is his business here?"

"I do not know his name, and I don't know his business."

"Can you describe him?"

"He looks like a statue made by Praxiteles."

"And you don't know whether he has been here lately?"

"No, I have not seen him for several days."

“Thank you, Megacles. I will not keep you up longer. Good-night!”

Megacles reëntered his house, and for some time puzzled over Kyria Artemis’s coming here, dressed as an *Evzone*, and not knowing about Spiro’s death. The enigma was too much for him, and being young and very active during the daytime, he presently fell asleep, leaving all problems he could not solve behind him.

Artemis went up to the little temple of the Wingless Victory, gleaming so white and cold and impersonal in the night, and waited. There are no chains to weigh down the body as waiting weighs down the spirit. For the first time she was condemned to inaction. She felt alone and bereft. Always she had felt herself a part of the great struggle of her race against its oppressor, and that had given her a wonderful sense of companionship. Now her sense of race struggle receded so far into the background of her consciousness that it became nebulous and lost.

The death of Spiro — Spiro who had carried her on his shoulder in her babyhood and childhood, who had been her constant companion and had watched over her ever since — had shaken her profoundly. He had died at his post, for Greece, as so many

other Milliotis had died, yet his death seemed a terrible sacrifice, and unloosened within her the spring of tears. And in addition to Spiro there was the young American—who had not come to the Acropolis. He, too, must have died for Greece—and for her. This last thought became more poignant. He had loved her, and he was dead now, and it was she who had sent him to his death. Artemis lived over again the last night that she had seen him. He had begged for just a word then, and she had denied him even that. Softly and caressingly she spoke to the spirit of young Peabody:

“I was not human, Elihu; but I am now—now that you are no more.”

At last the tears were loosened. Without shame she wept, surrounded by the ruined splendour of her race. Like the old temples about her she felt spent and broken, and like them a part of the past, which had ceased to exist, except as a ruin. She began to think of herself as dead, or rather that the Artemis Byzas who had been was dead, and in her stead was left a woman, weak and miserable. She knew now with a knowledge that tortured her that she loved Elihu and had loved him all along, and that he was lying dead somewhere up in the Neutral Zone. All she cared for she had

sacrificed to Greece, and she was left, an utter beggar, alone, on the very threshold of life.

She felt the more miserable because her lover had died without knowing how much she cared for him. Sob after sob shook her. The French sailors, who had climbed the fence while she had been speaking with Megacles, watched her pityingly from their concealment, unable to help or comfort her. They laid their hands on the butts of their automatic pistols and longed for some one to fight in her behalf — but they, too, were condemned to inaction.

Artemis started up, listening. She did not breathe. Her heart stopped beating. Her whole being was centred in her sense of hearing.

Some one was coming. Under the translucent blue of the night a solitary figure was ascending the marble steps.

Artemis wanted to run to meet him, but all she did was to raise herself on her knees, and wait, unable to do more.

Her arms were outstretched toward him, and then without knowing it, she cried out his name.

In an instant Peabody had sprung to her and was holding in his arms a clinging little figure, a girl sobbing and crying, unquestionably a woman,

indubitably his very own by the greatest force that binds one life to another.

Neither of them knew how long they stood there, clasped in one another's arms. Time was a part of eternity, and their love was that eternity itself.

At last Elihu held Artemis from him.

"You have not asked me how I succeeded."

"You are back, so I know you have."

From his breast pocket he brought forth the Cross of the Byzas. He placed the chain around her neck, and the jewelled cross gleamed faintly on the blue of her *Evzone* tunic.

"You are not hurt?" she asked, touching him as if to make certain that she was not dreaming, that he was actually with her in flesh and blood. "I thought you were killed."

"No — not I," he answered grimly. "Times have certainly changed. Until the huns set out to teach us ruthlessness, the killing of a man was abhorrent under almost any circumstances; and a man who killed another was supposed to be haunted by it. Now —"

"Don't tell me!" she implored. "Such as they are, some woman will be waiting for the return of each of them. To-night, when God has given you

back to me, I cannot bear to hear even of a German's death."

"I reached Athens this afternoon," Elihu went on, "and the town was full of rumours about you. First, I heard that your marriage to the Crown Prince was soon to take place; then that you were very ill at the Palace. When I reached the Legation they gave me your note. I did not know what to make of it all, but I decided to come up here anyway. It is two hours since I started. I suppose it was nerves, but I had the idea that I was being followed; so I doubled about like a hunted fox. If they managed to keep on my trail — Hark! What is that?"

Prat! prat! prat! the tread of feet in unison was coming up to the gate. There was a sharp command in a voice which Artemis recognized as that of the young German officer who was staying incognito in the Palace.

"Quick! Make your escape," Elihu commanded. "I locked the gate. That will delay them some time. Then I can keep them from passing through the Propylaea for a quarter of an hour more. I have my automatic, and I will dodge about from pillar to pillar, and they will not know I am only one."

In a flash Artemis saw the Queen's stratagem. She had had Elihu watched and followed, in the hope of tracking her down through him. Below she could hear Megacles protesting that he could not find his key. He spoke loud, shouting out his words. Artemis understood that he was trying to warn her. Her heart throbbed, but her mind worked clearly and rapidly.

"Dear one, I could not escape if I tried; and I am not afraid of those *Evzones* — I am only afraid of your willingness to do for me more than I have yet asked of you — more than I expected ever to ask of any man. I want you to hide, and leave me alone with the *Evzones*."

"You ask *me* to hide, while you face them alone?" Elihu cried.

"Yes, it is that I ask of you. If the danger were only for me I could not ask it. We would stand side by side and fight — and Spiro has taught me to fight well — but the danger is to my country and the Entente. You do not know the Greeks. If they found me here with you, alone at night, I should have no influence over them. Will you do this greatest of services for me? Will you hide?"

Elihu kissed her hand, and without another word left her. Megacles by now had reluctantly opened

the gate, and the *Evzones* were advancing two at a time, their officer following.

Artemis stood with crossed arms between two of the columns of the Propylaea. So still was she that she might have been a statue herself, and when the officer first perceived her, he stopped, open-mouthed. Then he came a step nearer, to make sure of the identity of his prey.

"Aha! so it is you — dishonoring the uniform. I have tracked you down at last. You are under arrest, Fräulein."

The eight *Evzones* he commanded belonged to the King's Guard, which was supposed to be devoted heart and soul to the Royalist cause. Yet Artemis had faith enough in the Greek spirit, which first had conceived the idea of Democracy, to appeal to them, even under the present circumstances. Standing there amid all that spoke of the highest Hellenic ideals, with the Cross of the Byzas on her breast, she was like a vision from those far-off times when her race had led the world. Disregarding the pompous German, she appealed passionately to her countrymen:

"Sons of Hellas, I am Artemis Byzas. You all know my family, you all know it has ever stood for the honour of Greece. To-day Hellas is passing

through her darkest hour. A foreign-born woman who is our Queen has brought dishonour upon us to satisfy the aspirations of her own race. I have used your uniform — not to dishonour it, but to help save the honour of your country. Whoever touches me betrays Hellas and serves Prussia.”

Hans von Wahnzinn had seen much since coming to Greece which had outraged his sense of the fitness of things, but nothing to equal this of a prisoner's daring to dispute the question of her arrest. He fairly gurgled with indignation.

“*Arrest her!*” he sputtered.

No one moved. One of the *Euzones* spoke up:

“Kyria Artemis, tell us; for we are truly bewildered. We did not know whom we came here to hunt for. We were told you were ill in the Palace — and here the lieutenant tells us you have betrayed the King, while you tell us the Queen has betrayed Greece.”

“*Euzones!* Spiro Millioti, whom you all know was killed because he would not serve Prussia. I escaped at night, and went to Salonica to thwart the foreigner who rules over us and would betray our honour. Is there one of you who would do less?”

One who has not lived in Greece can hardly appreciate how typical this whole scene was. Ce

tainly to Hans von Wahnzinn it was so fantastic for soldiers to discuss the ethical aspect of an order that he felt as if he were losing his mind. Furthermore he perceived that he was losing control of his men. He drew his pistol from its holster and shouted furiously:

"Hold your tongues, you swine! Arrest her at once, and bring her along by force, or I will shoot her dead where she stands."

A single shot rang through the night, and Hans von Wahnzinn, blond beast from Prussia, crumpled up on the marble steps, his automatic falling from his hand.

"That is the last time you will call us 'swine,'" said one of the *Evoxones* calmly, putting his pistol back into its holster. "We are not Germans. Now, Kyrie Artemis, at your orders."

In the startled hush that followed, there sounded swift footsteps.

"Hands up!" came a sharp command, in a French accent. "The first man who moves, dies."

The *Evoxones* glanced about and saw nothing but the muzzles of automatic pistols. In the darkness they seemed to be surrounded by an army of French sailors.

"Who is there?" Artemis called in alarm.

"Friends!" answered an ensign, stepping forward and saluting "The commandant ordered us, without obtrusiveness, to see that you reached your home in safety. It seemed necessary to obtrude."

Artemis turned to the *Evzones*: "It is only our French brothers. They will not hurt us. They are the allies of all true Hellenes. If any of you wish to go to Salonica to fight to rehabilitate the honour of our country, come forward and give your hand to this officer. If there are any of you who still feel that they owe allegiance to the foreign traitors who are our rulers, you may go free. I give you my word that no one will molest you."

"No!" cried one of the *Evzones*, "What we want you to do is to give us your word, as a Byzas, that the Other One in Salonica is not a traitor, as we have been told."

"On this Cross of the Byzas I swear to you that he in Salonica stands for the honour of your race. Who fights for him fights for Greece."

One of the *Evzones* stepped forward and offered his hand to the French ensign, who had spoken in Greek, and who not only took the hand, but kissed the young Greek on both cheeks. Following this,

one after the other they all stepped forward and gave their hands to the ensign.

The man on the ground moaned.

"Pick up that *canaille*," the officer said to his men. "We will take him to the ship and try to mend him up, though he isn't worth it."

Four of the sailors picked up the German.

"*Allons! En avant!*" commanded the ensign. He himself lingered an instant. "*La France, mademoiselle*, watches over you."

Artemis's voice was choking with emotion as she replied: "France, monsieur, how can she have time to watch over me — she who so long has been watching and fighting for our civilization?"

"And yet I feel sure that she is. If you need us, only let us hear from you. But now I know I can safely leave you," he concluded, smiling: "America has become our ally."

Artemis touched the cross on her breast. "May France ever be victorious, so that barbarism may not prevail. I hope you will send the *Evzones* at once to Salonica. The more Greeks who fight and die for the Entente, the better it will be for Greece. Thank you for kissing them. What my poor Greeks need is a little sympathy and a few more explanations. They have looked so long upon

France as their lovely foster-mother that it hurts to be slapped by her."

"We shall try to kiss the slaps away." He saluted. "Au revoir, mademoiselle."

Down the steps he ran after his men, whom Megacles was letting out of the gate.

ENVOI

When all was silent again, Elihu came forth from his hiding place.

“Not a very heroic rôle you assigned to me, my Pallas Athena.”

Artemis took both his hands in hers. “Only a splendid and great-minded man would have been able to sink his pride and play so unheroic a part. Yet had you not done as I asked, I should never have succeeded with the *Evzones*. Then there might have been a pitched battle and incalculable harm done. And now I must leave you again. Mr. Venizelos wishes me to go to France and England. My work here is done.”

“My work begins — and I, too, must go to France; for my country is at war, and I am of draft age.” He took her in his arms. “Let me bring you to the safety of our Legation to-night, and to-morrow let us be married and go to France together. I have your guardian’s consent, and it is befitting a *Byzas* to be a bride of war. Will you?”

The old whimsical smile returned to Artemis's lips, enhanced by a new tenderness.

"Why not, since you answered my call and came to life? But you must remember that so long as I live, part of me belongs to Greece. Whenever she needs me I must come to her."

"A part of me, too, will belong to her. She will have the two of us instead of only one."

"God knows Greece needs America," Artemis commented sadly. Suddenly she pushed Elihu from her, and gazing sternly up at him demanded: "And after the war is over, and you have served your country, what will you do then, Mr. Elihu Pea-body?"

"I shall watch over you the rest of my life."

"No, I mean, what will you do to uphold the traditions of your name?"

The American laughed. "You stickler for traditions! I had already decided on that some time ago. It *shall* be 'Peabody & Son.'"

And far away in America, Mr. Peabody, Senior, before going to sleep, folded his hands once more and prayed. And, as if his soul could commune with that of his son, a sense of great contentment stole over him, as he murmured: "Thy will be done."

